THE

# PARENTAL MONITOR.

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# FRONTISPIECE

E. Doyes Del

*A* PARENT *instructing his Family in the Principles of* RELIGION

# THE PARENTAL MONITOR.

——Time deſtroyed
Is ſuicide, where more than blood is ſpilt.

* * * *

But why on time ſo laviſh is my ſong?
On this great theme kind Nature keeps a ſchool,
To teach her ſons herſelf. Each night we die,
Each morn are born anew: each day—a life!
And ſhall we kill each day?—If trifling kills,
Sure vice muſt butcher.

YOUNG.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

BY MRS. BONHOTE,
AUTHOR OF BUNGAY CASTLE, &c. &c.

*IN CONTINUATION.*

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# PARENTAL MONITOR.

## EXCURSION

TO A

## BATHING PLACE.

THE following papers, which accidentally fell into my hands juſt as theſe volumes were going to the preſs, I gladly availed myſelf of introducing, in hopes they might be uſeful, by ſhewing the abſurdity of people in common life ſtepping out of their places, in order to do, as they ſee others doing, without knowing why, becauſe it is the faſhion and thought genteel. The

mania which has ſeized people of all ranks of going to watering-places, &c. and when there, of being tempted to ſpend, in a few months, a ſum of money, which, perhaps, it has taken many of them years to accumulate, is not only ridiculous, but dangerous in the extreme, and it would undoubtedly tend very much to the benefit of ſociety in general, and to unthinking individuals in particular, to put an end to excurſions which are generally accompanied by miſery and diſcontent in the preſent inſtance, and often occaſion ſo great a revolution in the habits and opinions of families, as to lay a foundation for the deſtruction of their future peace and comfort, and that too without having been productive of one moment's real enjoyment.

The folly of mixing with our affluent ſuperiors is unavoidably attended by a train of mortifications infinitely diſtreſſing, by expoſing us to the ridicule and contempt for not being acquainted with all the forms and nonſenſical

nonſenſical etiquettes which people of a certain rank pride themſelves upon knowing; the practice of which would expoſe the common claſs of people to as much contempt and inconvenience as the poor aſs merited and endured when he attempted to conceal his own meanneſs in the lion's ſkin, and to act the gambols of the lap-dog.

## A TRIP TO BRIGHTON.

MR. EDITOR,

Ever ſince I read Sterne's Sentimental Journey, I have entertained an idea, that it was only neceſſary to ſee a ten-mile ſtone from London, in order to become a man of ſentiment, and that food for the paſſions would be found at every footſtep, and Marias in every corn-field: Having therefore about a fortnight's leiſure on my hands, I reſolved upon a country excurſion.

The next point to determine was, where I ſhould go; and this was a matter of no ſmall difficulty, for all parts of the country were equally unknown to me: At laſt, however, I pitched upon Brighthelmſtone, having heard much of that place from a member of our club at the Red Lion.

All the day, previous to my departure, was ſpent in a very troubleſome manner; for having never before left my buſineſs a ſingle day, it was neceſſary to be extremely minute in my directions; and when all was done, I could not go to the club as uſual with a mind at eaſe, for fear that ſomething had ſtill been overlooked. At length, however, I got to bed about twelve, in pretty good ſpirits, having taken a larger glaſs than uſual at parting with my friends.

I was called up by four o'clock, and roſe in a ſtate of mind and body that cannot be deſcribed, having not ſlept long enough for the purpoſes of nature. I was ſick with the

the fumes of punch and tobacco; my knees knocked together under me as I put on my clothes, and my head ached intolerably; the pleaſurable ideas of my journey, which health and ſpirits inſpired, were now no more; I ſaw the tears of my wife at this *unuſual* ſeparation with extreme anguiſh, and left my houſe in as much dejection of mind as if I was never to have ſeen it again. In ſhort, nothing but the fear of ridicule could have prevented me from giving up my deſign, and forfeiting my place in the age.

I got to the inn half dead with ſickneſs and the vapours, but in hopes that the converſation of my fellow paſſengers would be of ſome relief. We were ſix in number, all pretty luſty; and I, who am extremely fat, was jammed in between two of the biggeſt, on the back ſeat. We paſſed on to the Stone's End in profound ſilence; for I have no faculty of addreſſing myſelf to ſtrangers; and my fellow travellers, I be-

lieve, laboured under the ſame kind of deficiency; two of them, indeed, very early reſigned themſelves into the arms of ſleep, and ſnored ſo loud, that the clatter of the wheels could not drown the noiſe. Juſt as we got through the turnpike-gate, the ſilence was broke by an obſervation from a female on my right-hand, that "we already found the ſweetneſs of the country air;" to which I aſſented with, "ſo we do, indeed, Ma'am," for the ſake of beginning a diſcourſe, but an offenſive gale from Mr. Iſmay's cow-houſe at that moment ſaluting her noſtrils, ſhe made no reply, and here the converſation dropped.

To ſleep I found was impoſſible; in vain I reſted my head, ſometimes on my breaſt, ſometimes upon the head of my cane, every five minutes a jolt rouſed me, and ſeldom without a bruiſe; tired nature, however, perſiſted in his endeavours, and in a kind of painful lethargy I dozed it out to the end of the firſt ſtage. Here my companions

panions ſhook off ſleep and breakfaſted; I attempted to follow their example, but was too ſick to eat a morſel. I now remembered with regret our little back parlour at home, and that excellent toaſt and butter which Mrs. Sugarloaf makes with her own hands. This, Sir, I take it was the firſt *ſentiment* that occurred to me in the courſe of my journey.

Our journey till dinner was not productive of one *ſentimental* occurrence. My companions betook themſelves to ſleep, and my thoughts were inceſſantly employed on the domeſtic comforts I had fooliſhly left behind, and the misfortunes that might happen in my abſence.

When dinner time came, I began almoſt inſtinctively to be a little more in ſpirits, for that is the meal at which I commonly enjoy myſelf at home; but here was a new diſappointment, my appetite was not ſo keen as uſual; there was no porter to be

had; and hardly was the cheeſe brought upon the table when we received intimation that the coach was going; inſtead, therefore, of enjoying my pipe after dinner, as was my uſual cuſtom, I was obliged to reſume my irkſome ſeat in the ſtage, and digeſt my meal in the midſt of heat and ſuffocation.

At length we arrived at Brighthelmſtone, where you will ſuppoſe, perhaps, that my miſery was at an end, and that fatigue gave way to pleaſing diſſipation; if you do, you form a very wrong eſtimate of my fortune; for, in the midſt of amuſement and gaiety, I was, if poſſible, ſtill more wretched than when ſweating on the duſty road. I found every thing in the polite circle around me ſo diametrically oppoſite to my former way of life, that what was amuſement to others was to me a mortification. I lived like a hermit, though in the centre of feſtivity, and wondered in what the buſy throng made their pleaſure conſiſt. When night arrived

I retired to my bed, but not to reſt, for the thoughts of home were continually in my mind, and I ſtarted every moment with viſions of fire and robbery, which I thought were deſtroying my family and property.

Next morning I took a poſt-chaiſe, and ſet off again for town; when I thought every furlong a mile till my arrival in Alderſgate Street, and never found ſatisfaction ſo great as when I alighted in ſafety at my own door.

Thus, Sir, you have the hiſtory of a citizen's folly in ſearching for happineſs amidſt ſcenes to which he is a *ſtranger*. I beg you to publiſh it for the benefit of others, and with this ſhort moral on my *ſentimental journey*, "That variety may be pleaſure to the idle, but has no real charms for the ſerious and induſtrious."

I am, &c.

ZACHARY SUGARLOAF.

## LETTER II.

SIR,

I promiſed to lay my caſe before you, in hopes that your advice might be of ſervice. I was, Mr. B——, very well contented when a batchelor, but, according to the cuſtom of ſome men, I fell in love, and married. For a time I was the happieſt mortal breathing, and thought my wife an example for her ſex; but, alas! the farce is ended, my wife has thrown off the maſk, and proves a very woman. I now heartily wiſh myſelf unmarried again for her ſake. The worſe luck for me: I have been married ſeven years, and, to let you into the ſecret, have repented of my bargain more than three. When I fell in love with my ſpouſe, ſhe was really clever, and appeared very notable; but, good G—d, what an amazing alteration has there been ſince matrimony! Her manner of dreſs, when I firſt ſaw her, as it added to the gracefulneſs of her

her perſon, took my fancy mightily. – Her hair laid in a natural and ſeemingly careleſs manner upon her forehead, and her waiſt was a proper length, and the heels of her ſhoes were a moderate height; but now, incredible as it may ſeem, ſhe is a foot taller than when I led her to the altar; ſhe appears to walk on ſtilts—her waiſt is dwindled to the breadth of a ſtraw—and her complexion is ſpoiled by her weanny hat not ſo big as her caps were formerly. But what is worſe than all, ſhe is become a fine Lady, and is for ever teazing me to go to Margate, that ſhe and Caroline may bathe, and get introduced into good company. But, Lord help us! what good would ariſe to us from keeping good company, as it is called, but in my opinion very falſly. I never deſire to mix but with ſuch people as are my equals; and as to the *nobleſſe*, that my dear talks of, I never even wiſh to ſee them. I am a haberdaſher of ſmall wares, and have a very good ſet of cuſtomers; but my wife is become too fine a Lady to attend the ſhop,

and Miſs Caroline has been taught to hate it already, and to talk of being married to a captain when ſhe is big enough: If I argue the matter, ſhe tells me that her dreſs and her taſte are regulated by faſhion, that Mrs. Gingerbread, Mrs. Ginger, and Mrs. Marrowfat, dreſs more in ſtile than ſhe does, and always go to ſome bathing-place once a year, and conſtantly play crown whiſt at all their routes, to which many genteel people are invited. To all this rhodomontade I turn a deaf ear; but this is not the worſt, ſhe wants Miſs Battledore (as ſhe calls our daughter) to have a governeſs taken into the houſe, and a muſic, dancing and French maſter, to attend her. But I will not tamely ſubmit to ſee my child ruined. To be ſure I am pretty well to live. What of that? Theſe faſhionable cormorants would ſoon do me the favour to devour in ſtile the fruits of my honeſt induſtry, and then, perhaps, laugh at me into the bargain. I am very glad to ſee company in my ſhop; but as to any other part of the houſe

I think it looks more comfortable without it. My wife complains of my want of politeneſs; her dreſs, ſhe ſays, is truly faſhionable, and ſhe thinks it very hard that ſhe may not pleaſe herſelf by loſing her waiſt, and looking as dropſical as her neighbours. I ſhould not ſo much care how ſhe looked, if affairs of greater conſequence did not vex me; but I find the old maxims verified, "the more we attach ourſelves to trifling objects, the more we neglect eſſential duties." When I courted her ſhe had the character of being very notable, was indifferent about formal viſiting, and was never better pleaſed than when ſhe enjoyed a comfortable diſh of chat with her neighbours, or in reading ſome improving author. Theſe diſpoſitions I thought promiſed fair for happineſs; but hardly was the honey-moon over before the tables were turned. It is true ſhe works at her needle, but what account does it turn to! Would it not be better, think you, was ſhe to mend her own and her childrens clothes,

clothes, than to ſee her humdrumming over her tambour, &c. But this ſhe tells me is the faſhion. Inſtead of ſtaying at home in the forenoon to look over her family concerns, as ſoon as I go into my ſhop, ſhe whips on her hat and cloak, and is making morning viſits till dinner is ready to be placed on the table. She does indeed condeſcend to dine at home, but as ſoon as the cloth is removed, ſhe prepares herſelf for ſome genteel viſit the remainder of the day. As to her taking a ſober diſh of chat with her neighbours, her taſte is become too refined to reliſh, and as to reading ſome improved author, ſhe ſays ſuch reading affords her no amuſement; it is too dry, and gives her the vapours. But, to tell you the truth, I fancy ſhe finds that ſuch authors are not only improving, but reproving in their ſtile; and few people like to hear of their faults. Our ſervants too, they muſt be genteel, and are dreſſed out almoſt as fine as their miſtreſs. White petticoats,

petticoats, flounces and furbelows have now taken place of ſtuff gowns, worſted hoſe, and blue aprons, the conſequence of which is, that if you ſpeak to them of their faults, they immediately deſire you would provide yourſelf with other ſervants, though, perhaps, you ſee them upon the town, and ſtripped of all that trumpery finery, which only ſerved to make them idle and ſaucy. But all this, nay more, I am told is the faſhion—as it is not an unuſual thing to ſee a gentleman's gentleman out of livery dreſt more like a gentleman than his maſter.—What will this ſame faſhion bring us to? I have hitherto borne theſe follies, and every indiſcretion of my wife's, with patience; but I muſt confeſs, that I have but a ſmall ſtock of it remaining; and therefore, as I am not independent of the world, I am determined neither to provoke its cenſure, or throw myſelf upon its mercy. Though one half of the world are mad after politics, and the other after pleaſure,

pleaſure, it is time for ſome to ſet about beginning a reformation at home, that matters may go well abroad. I will begin immediately:

"Wife, in vain you teaze and vex me,
"I will rule depend upon't."

I am, Sir, your's, &c.

TIMOTHY BATTLEDORE.

LOVE.

## LOVE.

Mark that enſnaring figure! With what grace
She gaily enters every public place:
Each limb, by ſymmetry's nice hand diſplayed,
Her form, in faſhion's tempting taſte array'd;
But look with caution at the ſparkling eye:
In that ten thouſand hidden dangers lie:
Though roſes hide the captivating ſnare,
Her charms are poiſon, and her ſmiles are care.
With prudence fly that enemy to man,
The ſoft, beguiling, wily courtezan;
Who, from the bluſh of innocence and truth,
Withdraws your taſte, and blights the ſweets of youth.
Form'd to deceive, to ruin and betray,
Repentance ever marks her devious way.
The harlot's ſteps, with guarded caution, ſhun,
Feaſt on her ſmiles, your ſenſes are undone:
Friends, reputation, peace, content, and health,
Are loſt amidſt the ſquandered ſpoils of wealth.

Yet, let not Virtue proudly ſneer, or frown
On the poor houſeleſs daughters of the Town,
Whoſe heads, unſheltered, feel the midnight cold,
By vice entangled, and by want made bold;
Who glide, like diſcontented ghoſts, along,
Inſulted by a rude unfeeling throng,
Expoſed to every danger, every woe,
Compell'd to ſeek their moſt determined foe.
Ah! let not thoſe, who near a parent's breaſt
Are ſafely lull'd from every care to reſt:
Let them not turn, with cold contempt, away
From thoſe who ne'er can know one cloudleſs day:
Condemn'd to traffick in Love's toils unbleſt,
(Like Noah's dove) they find no place of reſt,
Who, tho' reduced by guilt their bread to ſeek,
Were once, like them, pure, modeſt, chaſte, and meek,
Whoſe dawn of life might equal ſweets diſplay,
As the firſt flow'rets of the genial May:
From each ungentle breeze a parent's care
Might ſhelter thoſe whom pity now ſhall ſpare,
E'en ſatire's dumb when ſuffering beauty pleads,
And envy ſilent, as its fate ſhe reads. E. B.

THE foregoing lines have ſo fully delineated the dangerous conſequences attending illicit love, that nothing farther remains

mains to be ſaid on that ſubject. We will now confine ourſelves to one more intereſting to the feelings of every innocent, every worthy heart, the happineſs to be derived from mutual affection, when founded on prudence and diſcretion.

It is neceſſary, before you determine your choice of a companion for life, to be well acquainted with the temper and diſpoſition of their minds. Let not a lovely face, a ſparkling eye, or an elegant form, miſlead your judgment from the more important qualities and graces of the mind: It is neither in the power of wealth, rank, or beauty, to purchaſe happineſs, unleſs there is ſomething more durable on which to reſt your hopes.

Virtuous love ever leads its votaries to wiſh for that indiſſoluble union which ſecures the object beloved, and which alone can put an end to thoſe tormenting fears which attend real affection. Moſt men, however careleſs of their own conduct, or indifferent as to the objects

objects of their temporary amours, are very nice in their choice of a companion for life; and it is equally, if not more incumbent, on every female to be as cautious; becauſe the moment ſhe becomes a wife, ſhe loſes the power of acting as her own wiſhes or inclination might lead her, and delegates that power to the authority of her huſband.

To look into the world, and obſerve the unaccountable matches which are often made to ſuit the convenience of intereſt and ambition, one would be almoſt led to think that marriage was of no more importance than a bargain, which might be thrown off or ſecured at pleaſure. Youth is too apt to form ſplendid viſions, and to be miſled by romantic and imaginary ideas, gleaned from improper ſtudies, and retained, from a want of knowing the world as it really is, not as it is repreſented in the tales of the noveliſt. Be aſſured of this: Requiſites of a more noble, a more valuable kind, than beauty or fortune, are neceſſary to obtain happineſs in the married ſtate; a truth, of which unthinking youth,

youth, enſlaved by exterior charms, is often fatally convinced, when too late to retreat. Numerous are the ſad tales of beauty and virtue being united to deformity and vice, and of lovelineſs being ſacrificed a trembling and diſguſted victim at the ſhrine of age and avarice.

Caught by outward charms, unattended by the more ſuperior and attractive graces of modeſty and diſcretion, many a one has become a voluntary ſacrifice to inſipidity and folly; and inſtead of gaining a friend and companion in the wife of his choice, he finds only an idle and unthinking trifler, more fit to ſend to ſchool, than to place at the head of his table.

Let not any one, however, who reads theſe papers, conclude that I ſet not a proper value on beauty or fortune: I hold them both in due eſtimation:—United with virtue, they have a juſt claim to attention. I know no object ſo captivating to the ſenſes as a beautiful

tiful and animated young woman, whoſe conduct is under the guidance of prudence, and whoſe wit and vivacity are tempered by delicacy and modeſty.

That a competency is neceſſary to happineſs, every one allows; and no lover can have a real or virtuous paſſion for the woman he would run the chance of involving in all the aggravated horrors of reciprocal poverty.

Beauty ſoon loſes its faſcinating influence over the changeable mind of man; and the fineſt face, when once it becomes familiar, attracts no more admiration than one more homely would do.—However mortifying this obſervation may appear to thoſe who have liſtened to the beguiling language of adulation, yet it is a truth not to be doubted, a truth which many a celebrated beauty has felt with unavailing regret, and which ought to convince the moſt lovely woman, that ſomething more than lovelineſs is neceſſary to retain the heart, leſt, when her outward

outward charms are loſt, the wreck they leave behind ſhould be conſidered of no value.

An agreeable figure, an engaging or impreſſive countenance, which inſpires affection without the intoxication of love, is perhaps the wiſeſt and ſafeſt choice. A poliſhed and well informed mind never loſes its power to charm; and the huſband, who finds the ſincere friend, and agreeable companion in the woman he has choſen, cannot regret the want of beauty.

Every tender parent would recommend a virtuous and prudent conduct united with good temper, regularity, and induſtry, to the attention of a daughter. When intereſt is the leading principle, little happineſs can be expected. Unleſs an union of ſentiment can accompany an union of hearts, the connubial ſtate will prove only a ſtate of wretchedneſs. If at home there be a diverſity of taſte and opinion, where, on earth, can we expect

expect to find contentment? If mental reſources be wanting, the hours of leiſure and retirement from the world will be filled up by dulneſs and inſipidity; the parties will ſearch for happineſs abroad, or a ſucceſſion of amuſements muſt be introduced, which perhaps will materially injure the fortune, without producing the deſired effect. When this is the caſe, neglect ſucceeds, and ſeparate pleaſures are purſued, till the means of procuring them is loſt.

Let every young woman, ere ſhe become a wife, acquire thoſe reſources which will prove a treaſure to herſelf, ſecure the eſteem, and retain the affection of her huſband:—Home will then be found his choice, and the moments will fly replete with content and ſatisfaction. Who would give up ſuch rational enjoyments for the unſatisfactory pleaſures of the world, or for the moſt gaudy appendages of rank.

To deny the power of love, whoſe influence, almoſt every human being, at one part or other of their lives, have acknowledged, would be folly. The effects are equally ſtrange and various. I have ſelected a few inſtances, merely for the entertainment of my readers, which, ſingular as they may appear, are taken from real life.

A very extraordinary circumſtance of this kind happened at Lanſallos, near Fowey, Cornwall. About five years back, a young man (a fiſherman) courted a young woman of the ſame place, and propoſed to marry her: Her father ſeemed much irritated at the propoſal, and declared it ſhould never take place.—Immediately after the girl took to her bed, declaring ſhe would never more eat bread. She continued in her bed and room for upwards of five years; at the end of which time, her father was prevailed upon to permit the young man to viſit her: The young man readily accepted the offer, and continued ſo to do as often as opportunities

would admit. Though ſhe had not been known to be out of bed more than once or twice for four years, nor had eaten bread, or bread kind, ever ſince her confinement; yet, to the great ſurpriſe and ſatisfaction of all her friends, ſhe very ſoon after, being permitted to ſee her lover, got out of bed, came down ſtairs, and, in a few days, the young couple were married, in the preſence of a large number of ſpectators.

## CURIOUS INSTANCE OF DIVORCE.

THE new law of divorce, by mutual conſent, has produced in France ſome very curious effects. Not one of the writers, who foretold its conſequences, anticipated any inſtance ſo curious as the following:—A young woman, an orphan, aged ſeventeen, and very rich, had been married almoſt five years to a young man without fortune.—They had lived in the moſt perfect happineſs, and it was with the utmoſt aſtoniſhment

ment that their neighbours and friends heard of their intending, by mutual agreement, to take advantage of the new law; but their ſurpriſe was ſtill greater, when two or three days after, they ſaw them married to each other again. The reaſon of all this was, that their firſt union, being a love-match, the young lady's guardians had conſented, only upon condition that her whole fortune ſhould be ſecured to her; ſo that the huſband could engage in no beneficial induſtry with the capital. They diſſolved the marriage by the new law of divorce, and the lady, being thereby made miſtreſs of her fortune, proved her liberality, gratitude, and love, by conferring the ſame on her huſband.

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The following occurrence happened ſome years ago in Paris:—A challenge being ſent by a perſon to a Mr. de Bouillon, belonging to a lace manufactory, was intercepted by his wife. Madame de Bouillon went perſonally to the challenger, and demanding to

know why he wiſhed to deprive her of the moſt valuable property ſhe had in the world, blew ſome ſnuff in his eyes, and then beat him with a cudgel, till he promiſed to decline the combat.

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## A WEDDING ANECDOTE.

A YOUNG couple, being married, in the courſe of the evening one of the company, by way of joke, blew out the candles. At this inſtant, a gentleman, who had been invited to ſupper, entered the room, and began converſation with a lady remarkably ordinary. In a few minutes freſh candles were brought in, and the gentleman, looking in her face, repeated the following tranſlation of one of Martial's Epigrams:

While in the dark, on thy ſoft hand I hung,
And heard the ſyren accents of thy tongue,
What anguiſh, pains, and tortures I endur'd,
But, when the candle enter'd, I was cur'd.

The

The lady, whoſe wit and good nature were equal, diſdained to take offence; an intimacy enſued, and another wedding was very ſoon the conſequence.

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## CUPID IN INDIA.—A FACT.

A gentleman, of large property in Bengal, wrote to a friend in London, deploring the ſtate, and ſcarcity of beauty in that ſcorching climate, and requeſting him to prevail on ſome young lady, well born and educated, with a tolerable ſhare of perſonal charms, to make a voyage to India, giving his honour to make her immediately his wife. The gentleman, who received the commiſſion, was induced to ſend his daughter, who, to a diſengaged heart, added beauty, muſic, and every accompliſhment. The fair one bade adieu to the bleak ſhores of England, and glowing with triumphant hopes, found herſelf, in a few months, on thoſe of the Ganges; but, alas! the expected lover did not ap-

pear to greet her arrival. Buſineſs had carried him ſome hundred leagues up the country; but foreſeeing the arrival of the Engliſh fleet during his abſence, he had provided for the accommodation of the lady in the houſe of a factor. Two months elapſed before his return; then panting with expectation, he flew to his friend's, to throw himſelf before the future arbitreſs of his fate.—Whether his impaſſioned fancy had drawn the lady in colours beyond thoſe of nature, or whether the ſtile of her beauty differed from the picture he had formed, 'tis certain he beheld her with a coldneſs almoſt bordering on averſion. The capricious god, for once, was uniform; the lady found herſelf as little captivated as the youth, and ſeveral ſucceeding interviews ſerved but to confirm their mutual diſlike. The gentleman, finding there was no danger of the lady's breaking her heart for his perfidy, offered her a compenſation of ſixteen thouſand pounds, to be releaſed from his engagement, which was gladly accepted. The friend, who had been

been laying by for the event, now boldly ſtood forward as her lover, profeſſing the moſt ardent paſſion; the lady was pleaſed, and the nuptials were celebrated. No ſooner had the rejected beauty become a wife, and totally out of the reach of her firſt lover, than his eyes were opened.—He was aſtoniſhed, that he had before been blind to her perfections; was ſeized with deſpair; took to his bed, and for ſome time was pronounced to be in a ſtate incapable of recovery.—If a vertical ſun ſublimates the body and mind to ſuch extravagancies as theſe, let us be thankful that we may have his beams aſkance, and be content with humbler feelings.

## AN ELEGY, WRITTEN ON THE MORNING OF A WEDDING-DAY, BY W. M.

Bright ſhines the morn, as bright my deſtined wife,
Yet whether fav'ring Heav'n ſhall ſmile or low'r,
My future fate, the colour of my life,
My all depends on this important hour.

The dreſs, the dance, the feaſt, the liv'ry'd train,
The Nuptial Chamber, and the Minſtrel's Lay,
Are ready now, while Maidens ſtrew the plain,
With every tribute of ambroſial May.

The ruſtic Tenants of more diſtant fields,
With wond'ring eyes purſue the gilded coach;
The neighb'ring hamlet all its Shepherds yields,
Who hail, with awkward mirth, the Bride's approach.

With ſighs each rival of my wealth prepares,
To view the ſplendor of our finiſh'd home;
Nor knows what crowds of ſorrows, troops of cares,
Stalk yet unſeen around the gaudy dome.

Scarce one reflects, that to the torch of love,
Perhaps ſucceed fell diſcord's baleful fires;
None image woes which parents only prove,
When daughter's ſicken, or a ſon expires.

None think, the hand that angel form beſtow'd,
May waſte, in laviſh nights, our envy'd ſtore;
And, ere my bed receives her anxious load,
That Brag, Quadrille, or Whiſt, have left me poor.

But,

But, hence this gloom! thy viſionary rack,
Fancy, vain tyrant! would'ſt thou here employ,
While melting beauty waits to pay me back
For ev'ry moment's grief, an age of joy?

And ſee! at laſt the feſtive throng divides,
At laſt our tranſports from reſtraint are free;
Ev'n yonder moon her baſhful radiance hides,
And leaves thy charms to darkneſs and to me.

Yet—did no youth, who this day's pomp ſurvey'd,
A happier int'reſt in thy boſom boaſt?
Oh! may Caliſta's wreck (too lovely maid!)
For ever warn thee from a dang'rous coaſt!

Should'ſt thou e'er fall from honour's flow'ry height,
(Thy next ſad path with thorns of guilt o'er grown)
'Tis thine perhaps to grieve, perhaps my fate,
In death to expiate frailties not my own.

Then, the ſhrunk fortune, and the widow'd bed,
The branded offspring of a ſtoll'n embrace,
Th' impatient tear in lonely ſilence ſhed,
Will ſhame thy preſent, mark thy future race.

And yet, not thee, I doubt alone my worth:
This picture drawn, farewell the ill-omen'd art!
Now, to yon altar let me lead thee forth,
And, with thy hand, oh! give me all thy Heart.

This little poem, which I have introduced for its ſingularity and delicacy, reminds me of the following paſſage:—After long experience in the world (ſays the Guardian) and reflexions upon mankind, I find one particular occaſion of unhappy marriages, which, though very common, is but little attended to.—What I mean is this: Every man, almoſt at the time of courtſhip, and in the firſt entrance into the married ſtate, put on a behaviour like a holiday ſuit, which is to laſt no longer than till he is ſettled in the poſſeſſion of his miſtreſs. He reſigns his inclinations and underſtanding to her humour and opinion. The poor young lady falls in love with this ſupple creature, and expects of him the ſame behaviour for life. In a little time ſhe finds that he has a will of his own; that he pretends to diſlike what ſhe approves; and that inſtead of treating her like a goddeſs, he uſes her like a woman.—What ſtill makes this misfortune worſe, we find the moſt abject flatterers degenerate into the greateſt Tyrants. I very much approve

prove of my friend Tom Truelove in this particular. Tom made love to a woman of ſenſe, and always treated her as ſuch during his courtſhip. His natural temper, and good breeding, hindered him from doing any thing diſagreeable, as his ſincerity and frankneſs of behaviour made him converſe with her before marriage in the ſame manner he intended to do afterwards. Tom would often tell her, "Madam, you ſee what ſort of a man I am; if you will take me with all my faults about me, I promiſe to mend, rather than grow worſe."—I remember Tom was once hinting his diſlike of ſomething his miſtreſs had ſaid or done, upon which ſhe aſked him, "How he would talk to her after marriage, if he talked at this rate before?"

"No, Madam," ſays Tom, "I mention this now, becauſe you are at your own diſpoſal;—were you at mine, I ſhould be too generous to do it."

In ſhort, Tom ſucceeded, and has ever ſince been better than his word. The lady has been diſappointed on the right ſide, and has found nothing more diſagreeable in the huſband than ſhe diſcovered in the lover.

## ADVICE TO CELIA.

You've been told that your boſom's like ſnow,
But that's for the ſake of the jeſt;
'Tis as cold, ſays the languiſhing beau,
With a ſigh are his accents expreſt.

Though your eyes are as dim as a whiting's,
To diamond they're ſurely compar'd,
But to Waller, and other men's writings,
You'll find that the Bard has repair'd.

## THEN TAKE THIS ADVICE.

When Strephon writes encomiums on your eyes,
Look in your glaſs! You'll be convinc'd he lies;
If chance he makes extempores on your hair,
Bid him read Cowley, and he'll find them there;
And if he writes,—"in flames I do expire,"—
Be ſure you put his verſes in the fire.

LOVE.

## LOVE.

Let reaſon teach what paſſion fain would hide,
That Hymen's bands by prudence ſhould be ty'd.
Venus in vain the wedded pair would crown,
If angry fortune on their union frown.
Soon will the flatt'ring dream of bliſs be o'er,
And cloy'd imagination cheat no more:
Then waking to the ſenſe of laſting pain,
With mutual tears the nuptial couch they ſtain,
And that fond love which ſhould afford relief,
Does but increaſe the anguiſh of their grief:
For both could eaſier their own ſorrows bear,
Than the ſad knowledge of each other's care.

IT is frequently obſerved with ſurpriſe and regret how little happineſs is found amongſt people in the married ſtate. Alas! the cauſe is too obvious, and would young people

people be more cautious in forming connexions, and more attentive to their conduct when formed, it would undoubtedly produce a change, greatly to the honour and advantage of thoſe who viſit the altar of Hymen.

Without a reciprocal affection it would be impoſſible to preſerve that degree of harmony between man and wife, which is as neceſſary to their domeſtic peace, as it is to ſtimulate them to thoſe exertions on which the ſucceſs of their purſuits in a great meaſure depends. Whilſt we toil to ſecure the bleſſings of plenty to thoſe we love, labour is ſweet, and proſperity of double value: without an object with whom we can ſhare the fruits of our induſtry, and to whom we can leave our treaſure, when called from this ſcene of action, it is not half ſo valuable; therefore where a cold apathy prevails, and a rooted indifference has taken place, they are too often ſucceeded by a total negligence of worldly affairs.

Although

Although real love will undoubtedly conceal a multitude of faults, yet all diſſimulation, even in the ſmooth and pleaſant days of courtſhip, ſhould be certainly avoided: Never attempt to appear but in your own natural character; remember, the time will come, when, however artfully the maſk has been put on, it muſt be removed, and that too at a moment when the eye, which ſees the deception, flaſhes with indignant contempt.

To act the hypocrite is at all times mean and ridiculous, a kind of trick to cheat others at our own expence. How muſt every feeling heart compaſſionate the female who marries "*a diſguiſed brute!*"—How often muſt her delicacy be ſhocked, and her heart wounded, by his vicious intemperance! Her affection will ſoftly plead in his favour, though her reaſon and judgment condemn him. All the remedy left is patience, and her only refuge religion; for what conſolation can be found in the world,

world, whilſt the mind is corroded with grief, and every bright ray of comfort ſunk in hopeleſs deſpair!

Every man, ere he marries, ſhould well conſider how far it is in his power and inclination to contribute to the happineſs of the woman he may have choſen. If he has been enſlaved, and led away by his paſſions, he had better remain ſingle, leſt he ſhould be unable to regain that dominion over them which is neceſſary to domeſtic peace; his ſtudy and ambition ſhould be to pleaſe the woman with whom his own fate is ſo intimately connected, to promote her comfort, and treat her with that delicate and conſiderate tenderneſs to which ſhe has an undoubted claim; and whilſt he is led by affection to partake and ſooth her ſorrows, he ſhould permit her to ſhare in his own, and by repoſing confidence in her, convince her of his eſteem, and prevent that cold reſerve from taking place, which is the certain ſource of ſuſpicion and diſcontent.

Women

Women are, by nature, endued with more ſenſibility than men, and their feelings are more eaſily wounded. In either ſex, there muſt be ſomething that demands our patience and forbearance: But whilſt we retain a proper ſenſe of our own frailties, we ſhall find but little difficulty in making allowances for thoſe of others.

No friendſhip can be ſo ſincere and tender, no happineſs ſo perfect, as in the ſtate of matrimony: Every intereſt concentred, and leading to one direction: The wife, poſſeſſing that rational gaiety which is ſo ornamental and becoming to her ſex, ſhould look up to her huſband for protection and advice; and having a firm confidence in his ſuperior judgment, feel no reluctance to comply with all his reaſonable requeſts, whilſt he, held captive by ſuch gentle ſoftneſs, will conſider home as Heaven, and his wife the good angel that ſooths him to repoſe.

Happy

Happy in a mutual confidence, bleſſed in an undivided affection, a married pair thus circumſtanced may juſtly be ſaid to enjoy as much felicity as this world can beſtow, a felicity which only prepares them for a greater, when reunited in the regions of immortality.

Let the fair ſex remember, before they venture to make an engagement, on which their every chance of happineſs ultimately depends, that they muſt diveſt themſelves of many things to which they may have been innocently attached, but which, in a wife, would be highly reprehenſible: They muſt no longer liſten to the voice of flattery, no longer endeavour to excite the love or admiration of thoſe gay and artful flutterers, who, like the bee, hover near the faireſt flowers, eager to rob them of their ſweets.—Love muſt take place of vanity, and an eager purſuit of pleaſure be given up. To deprive a married woman of rational enjoyments, no one would wiſh: But they ought

to

to hold but a ſecond place in her mind.—She can ſtill frequent aſſemblies, viſit and receive her friends, and enliven the card-table by her preſence; but in ſo doing, ſhe ſhould not conſider them as eſſential to happineſs: They will ſerve to amuſe her in her hours of leiſure, without engroſſing too much of her time: She will regard her huſband as her beſt and ſincereſt friend, and his boſom will be the repoſitory of her moſt ſecret thoughts.

With the following deſcription, or rather eſſay on love, I ſhall conclude this paper:

There is no paſſion, no ingredient in our nature, ſo contradictory as love. It is at once the moſt pleaſing, and the moſt troubleſome: It is the moſt premeditated, and the moſt thoughtleſs; it is ſteady, and fickle;—it purſues its objects with vigour, and it wanders away from them; it is alternately happy and miſerable, and oftentimes without a cauſe; ſecure and apprehenſive, cheerful and

and melancholy; it looks to a future ſeaſon, and it is heedleſs of any but the preſent;—it is generous, and intereſted; candid, and ſly; ſilent, and talkative; reſerved, and communicative; one day it deſpiſes and rejects what another gives it ſatisfaction; it is reſtleſs, and eaſy; it is, finally, an adorable, and a deteſtable paſſion.

So great a contraſt (which every one muſt have ſeen exemplified) cannot fail to ſtrike the imagination with a ſtrange bewildered idea, ſuſpend it between fear and inclination, and check its progreſs, even if it be laudable, when it thinks it may one day be baffled, and counteracted by its own adverſe powers.—Fancy lends her aid to make it cheerful;—reaſon contradicts this, in ſome degree, and then inclination ſeems to thwart reaſon, and ſo render the perſon miſerable, by an inſolvable doubt.—If diſappointment then appears, melancholy follows; advice, even from the deareſt friends, makes a breach in the enjoyment, and renders the mind fearful of the

the conſequences related, which is at laſt partly done away, by the dawning of hope, that is generally aggravated ſo high, as to cheat the imagination into an abſolute proſpect of future good, and a completion of every wiſh: Thus, what we ardently wiſh to be true, we are very near believing to be ſo.

What a ſtrange confuſion this, in one breaſt! Is it reaſonable to ſuppoſe it can enjoy any thing? Yes; for its enjoyment is alike confuſed; in common converſation, it thinks itſelf delighted; in abſence, the diſtant object is ſtill preſent; trifles are important; common opinions become wiſdom and exalted notions; a remark on men, manners, or books, is ſet down as a maxim; a ſmile is heavenly; a frown death; a ſingle word out of the common courſe of expreſſion, muſt be added with golden letters to the vocabulary; and a reflection is beyond all compare! Thus, the lover, ardent in his purſuit, wherein he finds a thouſand gewgaws to

to catch his eye, runs giddily on, and every object he ſees, or even imagines, he miſtakes for the reality of that happineſs he is at preſent too diſtant from, becauſe he ſoars too high to enjoy.

Thoſe who have exchanged a few attentions, eſpecially if they have any thing of the *tendre* in them, do not heſitate to imagine they have reciprocally captivated one another; he ſatisfies himſelf that he has ſecured her affections; he is then heedleſs of his behaviour, which he afterwards corrects to a ſtudied politeneſs to her alone; he ſees others, who are her companions, attendants, and admirers, but he laughs at them, and thinks of his own ſecurity:—She delights in his company; ſhe fondly returns his civilities, from the moſt important to the moſt trifling; ſhe places a chair for him near to her own; ſhe laughs at his facetiouſneſs, whether it deſerves the name or not; ſhe ſympathizes with him in his melancholy tale; ſhe is one of the beau monde, if he is gay,

and ſhe is ſentimental and refined, if that is not his diſpoſition. What a happy time is this; each ſtudying the fancy of the other, and falling in with each other's little whims, to render time more agreeable, and to pleaſe one another.—"How pleaſing 'tis to pleaſe." Their mutual regard becomes then ſettled; they cheriſh the idea; and without looking a ſtep farther, he flatters himſelf that ſhe is his for ever; and all around them agree in the opinion, and even ſome goſſiping neighbours will have regulated their fortunes, place of abode, and family expences through the year, before they themſelves have found out one another's opinions. Yet, after all this, time, chance, fortune, parents, intereſt, country, and an hundred more unforeſeen circumſtances, will ſeparate this couple, perhaps for life, or ſo long as to obliterate all their mutual regard. On the contrary, this ſeparation may produce a ſtronger regard—for it is well ſaid, love thwarted grows more head ſtrong; letters paſs to and fro, and they think

think themſelves entitled to write with more warmth than they could converſe. The flame is thus fanned; happineſs becomes more captivating, becauſe it is more diſtant; and their general ſtudy is to thwart the objections, and throw down the obſtacles that ſtand before it.

Opinions, as to the excellence or depravity of this paſſion, always vary, according to the circumſtances of parties and events; this is going out of the way to find ſomething to ſupport a dubious argument.—If two perſons unite without any fortunes, and, by their induſtry, ſucceed in the world, here it will gain applauſe; if they fail in ſucceſs, their paſſion will be deemed childiſh, imprudent, and, perhaps, becauſe they moſt want it, their friends will deny them their countenance, and the ſmalleſt aſſiſtance; they will be upbraided with ſeeking their own misfortunes, that their imprudences are now clear to them, and that they muſt ſuffer the inconveniencies

veniencies they would not be perſuaded to foreſee.

This is the language of experience and age, which ſome men make uſe of to deter their other dependents from the ſame fault, and to puniſh theſe for a contradiction to their will.—It is needleſs to offer any thing on either ſide, becauſe extremes alone guide them: The arguments in favour of ſuch a connexion, depend on various circumſtances; and if the parent refuſes his conſent on futile grounds, it is not to be attended to;—if his reaſons are good, it becomes an offence to filial duty, and a breach of affection to perſiſt; yet I am rather inclined to favour the connexion, if a competency is in hand, that being ſo vital to content; but there is ſomething ſo ſacred in filial duty, that unleſs there are ſome very ſtrong grounds for contradiction, it is a failure of affection not to be eſteemed trifling.

Far be it from me to encourage any young perſons in ſo undutiful a project; nature, affection, duty, all cry aloud againſt it.—If affection to the object is pleaded, I anſwer, the affection and regard to the guardian of infant years, and ſupport of maturer age, is a greater concern; this is too apt to be forgot in the whirl of imagination, while love is in its rapid career; but calmer reflection proves it afterwards: Yet, on the other hand, for a parent to deny his child, all attention, all aſſiſtance, or, perhaps, never to ſee him or her more, is quite as reprehenſible as the other; for where a duty is reciprocal, it is no releaſe to one party, if the other neglect to perform his; have I a right to be cruel to another, becauſe he is cruel to me.

There is one friend who will always beſtow a portion, and that friend is induſtry; and when the diſpoſition is heartily engaged, every nerve will exert its power, and ſucceſs may be hoped for. Yet the events of the world

world are various and uncertain; and ſucceſs does not always attend the moſt ardent endeavours; let me then adviſe my young readers, if poſſible, not to ſuffer their paſſions to carry them too far, and to raiſe in their minds imaginary proſperity; or, biaſſed by inclination, be led to deſpiſe theſe diffiulties they muſt inevitably plunge into, by an untimely connexion. It is a great happineſs for thoſe who have had adviſers, to prevent them from theſe misfortunes; nor can any one, who has the welfare of the object of his affection much at heart, feel otherwiſe than ſenſibly delighted that ſhe is ſaved from thoſe troubles, however poignant may be his own diſappointment.—And this he muſt feel, if his love was pure, and not the effect of ſelf gratification. But the miſchief is, that we ſuffer our fondneſs to take root and ſpring up, and get ſtrength, before theſe important points are conſidered; and then we are obliged to deſtroy them ſuddenly, and, as it were, rend our affection from the inmoſt receſs of the heart, which cauſes all

that pain that is ſuffered at parting, the melancholy that enſues, and, in ſome inſtances, the diſorder of the ſenſes. No ſingle man, therefore, ſhould permit himſelf attachment to a young woman, unleſs he has a competency to prevent diſtreſs, and is in ſuch a ſituation of life as to baffle difficulties, and to guard againſt the machinations of the world.

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ROMANCE.

## ROMANCE.

Pernicious as the follies found in France,
Are the deluſive phantoms of Romance?
Which often lead the youthful heart aſtray,
And cloud the morning of the faireſt day.
She, who a giant ſees in every houſe,
And for a dragon will miſtake a mouſe,
Who forms deſigns to alter nature's plan,
And triumphs in the pain ſhe gives to man,
May, for a moment, captivate the brave;
But only fools her folly can enſlave.

E. B.

TO cheriſh romantic notions, or to expect the people, with whom we aſſociate, will talk and act like the heroes and heroines of a romance, is an idea ſo very abſurd, that I hope none of my readers will indulge it, as it can only tend to mortify and

diſappoint them. Novel reading is, in my opinion, a very rational amuſement for a leiſure hour, but like all other amuſements, it muſt ſubmit to proper reſtrictions, or it will become a misfortune: It muſt not only be temperately indulged, particularly by young people, but the indulgence of it ſhould be under the guidance of thoſe whoſe age, experience, or ſuperior knowledge, can direct them in the choice of books, and give them ſuch hints as will point out their defects, properly elucidate their merits, and prevent their being miſunderſtood. They will then find, that the hero who appeared ſo very captivating in the novel, would have made a very ridiculous figure in real life, where fine ſpeeches, ſtratagems, &c. &c. are not generally practiſed to gain the heart, the more uſeful qualities of the mind being required to recommend a lover to the ſenſible and prudent part of the female ſex.

The young people, who fly, upon every occaſion, to circulating libraries for amuſement,

ment, and read, indiſcriminately, all the traſh with which too many of them abound, muſt undoubtedly have their minds miſled, inſtead of being improved, and it is much to be feared all their ideas corrupted; for, ever thinking of enchantments, caſtles, ghoſts, and dying lovers, aſſaſſinations, flowery vales, temples, or ſummer houſes, unable to diſſeminate reality from fiction, every thing, unornamented with romance, diſguſts and provokes them; and unleſs they hear their lovers expreſs themſelves in the language of an Evander, a Corydon, or a Polydore, they are ſhocked at the plainneſs and bluntneſs of the ſimple creatures: Though I hope no one would refuſe to accept the addreſſes of a worthy man, becauſe he cannot ſay ſuch fine things as no man of good ſenſe would ever think of repeating.

Sometimes, to withdraw our minds from more ſerious ſtudies, to read temperately works of fancy; to digeſt them rationally, and to be amuſed without being miſled, is

to thoſe who live retired from the world a pleaſant and improving employment. Books are excellent companions; if well choſen, they will fill up many an aching void in our lives, and enliven many of our ſolitary hours. Life, without reading, would be dull and cheerleſs in the extreme: Yet I have heard ſome people, with an air of exultation, boaſt of having never read a book in their lives, and proteſt againſt having any brought into their houſes, condemning authors as a ſet of idle and uſeleſs beings, who do more harm than good. I own, I feel for them more pity than contempt; and however they may reſt ſatisfied in their own unenlightened ignorance, I cannot help lamenting the pleaſure and ſatisfaction they have loſt, in never knowing the luxury of reading.

I think it is the duty of every parent to accuſtom their children to a habit of reading: And as ſoon as they are capable of making themſelves underſtood, a ſmall portion of every day ſhould be ſet apart for that purpoſe:

purpoſe:—They ſhould be taught to conſider it not only as an indulgence, but the moſt uſeful way of ſpending their time.—By this means, they would progreſſively improve in knowledge, and have a conſtant ſource of pleaſure at their command, without ſearching for it abroad. A life of diſſipation, and faſhionable gaiety, is as injurious to real happineſs, as to all the finer feelings of the mind: It weakens, and often deſtroys, thoſe reſources which we might derive from ourſelves. Few, who have been long engaged in the hurry and tumult of the great and buſy world, retain any reliſh for thoſe pure and tranquil pleaſures which afforded them both inſtruction and amuſement, before they entered it. A love of reading and retirement, ſhews a diſpoſition moſt diſpoſed to be improved: But thoſe who indulge it, ſhould carefully avoid forming their opinions of real life, from the warm deſcriptions of the poet, or the romantic tale of the noveliſt.

It is now greatly to be lamented, that the Bellamys, the Badelys, the Billingtons, &c. &c. by recapitulating their guilty lives, ſhould be permitted to fill the ſhelves of our circulating libraries, and ſteal into our private cloſets from the preſs. However ſuch tales may be garniſhed with moral ſentiments, the peruſal of them muſt be attended with infinite danger: For can it be ſuppoſed, the parties of pleaſure, the diamonds, the heaps of gold, wantonly given, and idly ſquandered, will paſs unheeded or unenvied by the vain, the pretty, and the diſſipated; or that the tender and amorous ſcenes, too faithfully delineated, will fail to awaken the paſſions in thoſe minds, unhackneyed in the ways of the world.

In my opinion, ſuch pernicious publications are likely to ſhake the fabric of virtue, and to ſend troops of artleſs females to try their fortune on the ſtage or the town: For when a woman of this claſs has done all the miſchief ſhe can, with the ſale of innocence and

and beauty, the generous public is loudly called upon to ſupport her in that diſtreſs ſhe has brought upon herſelf; whilſt many of the deſcendants of thoſe families ſhe has helped to ruin, are overlooked and neglected.

You that have families, I call upon, to prevent ſuch publications being introduced amongſt them. If you would rear up a daughter in the paths of innocence, keep her unacquainted with the faſcinating progreſs of vice: In ignorance, there is ſecurity;—works of amuſement may ſafely be placed in the hands of youth, but they muſt be choſen with the eye of prudence; and unleſs you wiſh your daughter to become the wily courtezan, it is ſurely unneceſſary, as well as dangerous, to make her acquainted with thoſe vices which mark the character.

## HOPE AND SUSPICION.

Then if fell war's tempeſtuous ſound,
Swell far and wide with louder roar,
If ſtern the avenging nations round,
Threaten yon fate devoted ſhore,
Hope points to gentler hours again,
When peace ſhall reaſſume her reign.

PYE.

Truſt no man before thou haſt tried him; yet miſtruſt not without reaſon; it is uncharitable.

ECONOMY OF HUMAN LIFE.

IN every trial you are ſentenced to encounter, cheriſh in your boſom, with unremitting care, the ſoul reviving emanations of hope:—Its influence will be found of wonderful effect, whenever you meet with diſcomfort or diſappointment: It is the moſt friendly, the moſt cheerful inmate of the human

human mind: It lightens the burthen of preſent affliction, and gives a brighter glow to our future proſpects: It encourages us to look beyond the cloud which appears ready to burſt over our heads, and was undoubtedly meant to be coeval with our exiſtence: Wafted on its pinions, we are taught to anticipate that happineſs in another world, which cannot be found in a ſtate where pleaſure and pain are more nearly allied than many are willing to ſuppoſe.

It is by the all cheering influence of hope that we are enabled to encounter the complicated and extenſive calamities of life, to exiſt in abſolute ſolitude; to buſtle with the crowd, or to ſupport the reverſes of fortune, which will ſometimes deny us the morſel we could once beſtow on others. Deprived of hope, life would inſtantly become a dreary void, a dull and weary pilgrimage, a rock ſurrounded by a dark abyſs, teeming with horrors: It is the anchor of life. More dreary than the pathleſs deſert; more cheerleſs

leſs than the traitor's dungeon;—more gloomy than the darkeſt night, is the mind diveſted of hope, and left expoſed to the ſavage attacks of deſpair, whoſe ſubtle and baneful influence too often leads to death.

Let the tempeſt howl; let the earth be ſhaken from its foundations; the grave yield up its dead, or the ſtars fall around us, if the mind be at peace with itſelf, and ſupported by hope, though we add to the above the demons of war, who carry in their train plague, peſtilence, and famines, till the genial influence of this benign friend will enliven our ſouls, and be a ſhield of defence; and though we may feel the deprivation of our comforts here, we ſhall look forward, with unſhaken confidence, that they ſhall be reſtored tenfold in that world, where the king and the peaſant, the ſervant and his lord, will meet the juſt reward of their good or evil deeds.

At

At the time that I would caution you not to yield implicit belief to every profeſſion of regard that may be made to you, or to follow the advice of thoſe who are eager to direct the conduct of others, and yet are too often regardleſs of their own, I would warn you to avoid, as much as poſſible, becoming ſuſpicious: Better it ſurely is, to be ſometimes deceived, than to live in a kind of civil war with our fellow-creatures, with the thorn of ſuſpicion rankling in our boſoms. Life would be deprived of at leaſt half its value, if we could place no confidence in thoſe with whom we aſſociate, from whom we muſt borrow many of our enjoyments, and on whom we are dependant for comfort and aſſiſtance, when pain and ſickneſs enervate our bodily frame, or ſorrow and diſeaſe corrode our mental faculties. So curiouſly conſtructed are the links of that chain which binds man to man, that to break them aſunder, and deprive ourſelves of the full practice of the ſocial affections, would be to throw a gloom over every earthly enjoyment,

joyment, and to make life an emblem of the tomb. If we had no kind boſom on which to reſt our languid heads, when throbbing with pain, better it were laid in the grave: If we have no ſympathizing friend to ſhare the ſorrows of our hearts, better they ſhould ceaſe to beat, and end our cares at once.

Though it is both generous and adviſeable not to ſuſpect others till we find ourſelves deceived, it is equally prudent to be extremely cautious in our choice of friends, and to know them well before we truſt them in matters of conſequence. Some rules may undoubtedly be pointed out, by which we may be guided in that choice. We ſhould, as far as we are able, inveſtigate their conduct towards others, obſerve them well in their domeſtic character, and in the management of their own affairs: But above all, we ſhould be well aſſured that they are ſtrict in the practice of all moral duties. If they are not religious, what dependance can be placed upon them for either honeſty or ſincerity?

cerity? If they are not virtuous, on what foundation can we reſt our hopes of not being deceived? If they deny the exiſtence of a God, can we ſuppoſe they will have any ſcruples of conſcience to with-hold them from doing us an injury? particularly if it be not amenable to the laws; and if they do not believe they are to give an account of their actions before the throne of an Almighty Judge, with whom no ſubterfuges will avail, what reliance can we place on their honour? Regarding this life as their only ſtate of exiſtence, it appears to them ſound policy to make the moſt of it, and to gratify every paſſion that happens to take the lead in their callous minds, which may juſtly be compared to chaos.

In your choice of friends, then, ever recollect, that thoſe who keep no account with Heaven, will certainly not be very accurate or juſt in their dealings with the frail inhabitants of earth.

ON

## ON THE DUTIES OF HUSBAND AND WIFE.

That couple glory in their art to ſpend,
Tho' by that art they cheat their deareſt friend,
The only pleaſures their weak minds can know
Ariſe from folly, vanity, and ſhow:
So much abroad, ſo eager grown to roam;
Altho' the greateſt ſtrangers found at home,
They ſometimes, like moſt married pairs, diſpute:
Madam's a trollop—Sir is quite a brute:
In diff'rent parties, both are heard to moan,
By turns, the ſauntering Jack and idle Joan:
Then, wiſhing to go on genteel and ſnug,
End the grand quarrel with a *toniſh* hug,
Agree their ſeparate pleaſures to purſue,
And their paſt follies never more review.
The huſband takes a miſtreſs from the ſtreets,
The wife gallants with every rake ſhe meets.
They riot, game, and dreſs till all is ſpent,
And in the confines of the Fleet repent.
Here nature ſhrinks, and ſatire drops a tear;
Not Lucifer himſelf could well forbear.
A man of pleaſure has no time to feel,
Unleſs againſt a poſt he chance to reel.

No matter how his wife or children weep;
So he can game, intrigue, drink, ſwear, and ſleep:
The world may periſh, friends may live or die,
He cares not how, or when, or where, or why:
His paſſions lead him on without controul,
The body pamper, and deſtroy the ſoul.
Pleaſure, that great leviathan, defies
All rules but thoſe which bid us not be wiſe.

What female heart is proof againſt neglect!
What wife content with frigid, cold reſpect!
Man will, at times, appear polite and civil,
Abroad an angel, but at home a devil,
Throw off her guard the half diſtracted wife,
And then complain of matrimonial ſtrife,
Talk loud of curtain lectures and controul,
And rouſe a fury in the gentleſt ſoul,
Beneath the ſhelter of a demon's art,
Torture to madneſs a devoted heart,
Refin'd in malice, when her paſſions rule,
Appear diſtreſs'd, good humour'd, paſſive, cool.

E. B.

THE trials of this life are ſo complicated and numerous, that it is difficult to find a ſhield which will prove invulnerable againſt

againſt their attacks. To arm ourſelves with fortitude to encounter them, is the province of wiſdom.

No change, which can take place in our ſituation, whilſt we are pilgrims on earth, is more important than that of marriage.—On the prudence of our choice depends our every chance of happineſs: Therefore, thoſe who enter into an engagement ſo ſerious, and of ſo much conſequence, without due deliberation, will not only lay up a ſource of miſery for themſelves, but, in all probability, entail it upon thoſe with whom they are unfortunately connected.

No young woman, who unites herſelf to a libertine, can have any foundation upon which to erect her hopes of felicity. If ſhe know that his diſpoſition is unſettled, and prone to evil; if he be an avowed enemy to regularity, and a follower of pleaſure, what right has ſhe to ſuppoſe that ſhe will have ſufficient influence, as a wife, to conquer his intemperate

intemperate purſuits, when, as a lover, he had broken through all the reſtraints of prudence, and acted in direct contradiction to its dictates? Alas! there is little probability of a libertine's ever becoming ſuch an huſband as a virtuous female deſerves.—Though his own vices may ſo far reclaim him as to render him incapable of purſuing them, depend upon it, a mind once totally depraved, requires the rough diſcipline of affliction to amend or improve it: And who would wiſh to be the nurſe, the ſlaves, of vices which, to recollect, make the ſoul of innocence to ſhrink affrighted! Who would encounter ſcenes of ſuch complicated horror, as the wild ravings of deſpairing ſinners generally produce, or ſupport, with fortitude, the thought that the huſband, the companion they had choſen on earth, may be doomed to everlaſting miſery! The feelings, which muſt ever weigh down the heart of a female thus circumſtanced, may be better imagined than deſcribed. Avoid, then, cautiouſly avoid, a fate ſo painfully diſtreſ-

ſing.

ſing. It is poſſible to be, in ſome inſtances, uncomfortable, even unhappy with a good man, who has unfortunately imbibed diſagreeable ſingularities, but with a bad and depraved one, it is impoſſible ever to be happy; for even in the very moment he promiſes a reformation, and, in the few weeks or months, he may perſevere in making good this promiſe, doubts and fears will ſteal into the mind, which has been weakened by ſorrow, and prevent that firm confidence which had too often been abuſed.

It is of equal importance to young men to be careful in the choice they make of a companion. Something more than beauty ſhould determine that choice. It is not a ſet of features, however faſcinating, or a complexion that would rival the ſnow upon the mountain's top, that will render him happy, unleſs the mind is equally fair, and the diſpoſition gentle and poliſhed. She, who is ſeldom to be found but in the haunts of pleaſure, and never appears ſatisfied but in a crowd,

crowd, will, in all probability, fly with avidity from thoſe domeſtic employments, which it is the province of a good wife to ſuperintend, and in which every virtuous female appears to the greateſt advantage.—The woman, who is not inclined to find her happineſs at home, will ſoon become indifferent to the happineſs of him to whom ſhe has given her hand: Every frivolous amuſement will be an excuſe for the omiſſion of an important duty, and the neglected huſband will be left, without regret, to lament his imprudence, in having burthened himſelf with a wife blind to her own folly, inſenſible to the feelings of nature, and deaf to the voice of admonition. Let, then, your choice be determined with prudence.—Be neither hoodwinked by the bewiching lures of beauty, or the glittering temptations of fortune, to ſacrifice your peace merely to gratify your eye, or indulge your avarice: For of this be aſſured, virtue is more valuable than gold, and a well-informed mind more captivating and deſirable than the moſt perfect ſet of features,

features, if not united with prudence and diſcretion.

But let not any one think that a character, however good, will be found perfect: We are all too much the children of frailty, to realize ſuch romantic expectations. Yet, if the good qualities are more numerous than the bad, let us ever be ready to make a candid and fair allowance for the inſtability of human nature, and, rather than ſit in judgment on the actions of others, carefully examine and look into our own hearts and minds.

May thoſe, however, who are unfortunately connected in the married ſtate, never give way to deſpair, or become ſo deſperate as to be regardleſs of their own conduct, becauſe the companion they have choſen may prove unworthy or vicious. Think, if you have children, how hard it is the innocent ſhould ſuffer for the guilty! Let then religion, prudence, and the gentle impulſe of parental affection,

affection, preſerve, at leaſt, one parent to watch over their infant years, and uſe every exertion to prevent their falling into thoſe errors which involve them in ſimilar miſeries to thoſe you are compelled to endure.

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## THE HOUNDS IN COUPLES.—A FABLE.

Wedlock! a name not much in faſhion,
Subſervient oft-times is to—paſſion.
How oft we ſee a thoughtleſs pair
Brought up by Nature's foſt'ring care,
When Love firſt fires their youthful breaſt,
Pant with impatience to be bleſt.
Tempers unſtudy'd! Thoughts untry'd!
Yet ſigh alas! to be ally'd.
Becauſe their hours of courtſhip run
Sweet under love's meridian ſun,
They think to breathe a tranquil life,
And be—the happy man and wife.
Vain thought! the flatt'ring phantom flies,
And opes, at length, their purblind eyes!
Then—but attend my ſimple ſtory,
The ſequel will appear before ye.

The morning dawns: The orient ſky,
Clad with its purple royalty,
Once more's the theme of infant day,
And all th' horizon round looks gay.
The horn, deep ton'd, the huntſman fills,
The ſtrains re-echo from the hills,
Unkennel'd for the bloody chace,
Impatient run the babbling race.
Chaunting with joy the heedleſs ſtrain,
They ſpread vocif'rous o'er the plain.
Now ſtretch their limbs; and now they bound
In wanton circles o'er the ground.
The Squire, with ſecret pride, ſurveys
The pack, and all their winning ways:
The puppies did not 'ſcape his view,
Their youthful tricks were pleaſing, too.
But, leſt a part unſkill'd and young,
Should lead the reſt with laviſh tongue;
It was decreed they ſhould be tied,
And trudge in couples, ſide by ſide.
To Ringwood, Sweetlips was aſſign'd:
Theſe two, with patience, jogg'd behind.
To Trueman (ſo 'twas doom'd by fate)
Maiden was yok'd as trav'lling mate.
In theſe an early fondneſs grew,
If he did this—She'd do ſo too;

From

From Maiden, Trueman ſcarce would ſtray,
But ſpend with her the livelong day.
For her the half pick'd bone he'd ſpare,
And guard her with a lover's care.
If he in playful frolic run,
Or baſk'd beneath the enliv'ning ſun,
As ſure, ſhe would his ſteps attend,
Or near his ſide her length extend.
From one calm mind their actions grew,
But now, alas! they ſpring from two.
Divided thoughts invade each breaſt,
Divided cares—and intereſt.
Now 'tis they feel the galling chain,
And howl for Liberty again;
To join the pack, if he's inclin'd,
She with ſlow paces drags behind.
He this way draws; ſhe tugs another,
They prove tormentors to each other.
Now boldly they exert their might,
Snarl anſwers ſnarl—Bite follows bite!
With double ire their fury burns,
And gains them maſterſhip by turns.
But, ſtrength victorious rules the field,
To force ſuperior, all muſt yield.
At length ſubdu'd the fair one lies,
And calls aſſiſtance by her cries.

But ah! in vain, no ſuccour's near;
The hunt purſue the tim'rous hare.
Secluded now from every friend,
Her ſorrows but with life can end.
What's to be done? Reflection's vain,
And ſerves but to increaſe her pain.
Too late ſhe ſees from whence aroſe,
The cauſe of all her bleeding woes.
Quite ſpent, ſhe howling yields her life,
A prey to diſcontent and ſtrife.

## ON THE HAPPY INFLUENCE ARISING FROM FEMALE SOCIETY.

*(From Dr. Alexander's Hiſtory of Women.)*

THERE is nothing by which the happineſs of individuals, and of ſociety, is ſo much promoted, as by conſtant efforts to pleaſe. Theſe efforts are, in a great meaſure, only produced by the company of women. Men, by themſelves, relax in almoſt every particular of good breeding and complaiſance, and appear the creatures of mere nature;

ture; but a woman no ſooner appears, than the ſcene is changed, and they become emulous to ſhew every good qualification. It is by the arts of pleaſing only, that women can attain to any degree of conſequence or of power; and it is by pleaſing only that they can hope to become objects of love and affection. Theſe are attainments, which, as they are of all others the moſt dear to them, prompt them to cultivate, moſt aſſiduouſly, the arts of pleaſing; arts for which they are well qualified by nature. In their forms lovely, in their manners ſoft and engaging, they can infuſe, by their ſmiles, air, and addreſs, a thouſand nameleſs ſweets into ſociety, which, without them, would be inſipid, and barren of ſentiment and feeling.—But to enjoy any pleaſure in perfection, we muſt never be ſatiated with it; it requires, therefore, more than common prudence in a woman to be much in company, and ſtill retain that deference and reſpect which we ſhould voluntarily pay to her, were we leſs indulged with her preſence.

When we view the countries where women are confined, we perceive the inhabitants diſtinguiſhed for barbarity of manners; when we view the ſame countries in the periods where the women begin to have their liberty, we immediately perceive the manners begin to ſoften and improve. In no country can this be more ſtrongly exemplified than in Spain; the men there had formerly leſs communication with the fair ſex than any other people of Europe, and conſequently were behind all others in politeneſs and elegance of manners; but ſince their women have been under leſs reſtraint, the progreſs of manners has been more rapid, and they are now not inferior, in that reſpect, to any of their neighbours. To the ſociety of women we are indebted for the emulation of pleaſing, and conferring happineſs on others; and to this emulation we owe the greater part, if not the whole, of the fine arts.

When

When we conſider the two ſexes into which the human ſpecies are divided, it appears, in the moſt conſpicuous manner, that the Author of Nature has placed the balance of power on the ſide of the male, by giving him not only a body more large and robuſt, but alſo a mind endowed with greater reſolution, and more extenſive powers. But are theſe qualities without their counterpoiſe in the other ſex? Have women nothing left to balance this ſuperiority of our nature? Have they no powers to exert, whereby they can reduce this ſeeming ſuperiority to a more equal footing? If they have not, they may juſtly complain of the partiality of nature, and the ſeverity of their lot. But let us attentively conſider the matter, and we ſhall find, that the Author of our being is no ſuch partial parent: To each ſex he has given its different qualifications; and theſe, when properly cultivated and exerted, put both nearly on an equal footing, and the advantages and diſadvantages of life are impartially ſhared between them. To bend

the haughty ſtubborneſs of man, is given to woman beauty; and to that beauty is added that inexpreſſible ſoftneſs and perſuaſion, of which but few know the extent, and ſtill fewer have the power of réſiſting. Thus an inſinuating word, a kind look, or even a ſmile, conquered Alexander, ſubdued Cæſar, and decided the fate of empires and of kingdoms. The interceſſion of the mother of Coriolanus ſaved Rome from impending deſtruction, and in one hour brought about a happy event, which the ſenate and people deſpaired of ever ſeeing accompliſhed.—Thus it is evident, that though the power of women, in bending the ſtronger ſex to their will, is no doubt greatly augmented, when they have youth and beauty on their ſide; even with the loſs of theſe, it is not altogether extinguiſhed; of which this laſt circumſtance is an indubitable proof.

A noble inſtance of the exertion of female influence occurs in the Queen of Pythius, a Prince of Lydia. Cruel and avaricious beyond

beyond meaſure, he kept the greater part of his ſubjects ſo conſtantly employed digging in the gold mines, that having no time for agriculture, they were in danger of periſhing by famine. Oppreſſed by this tyranny, they took an opportunity of his being abroad, and aſſembled in great numbers, with tears in their eyes, to lay their complaints before his Queen. Commiſerating their condition, after revolving in her mind how to relieve them, ſhe bethought herſelf of the following ſtratagem :—On the return of her huſband, ſhe ordered a magnificent entertainment to be ſerved up, and, to his great ſurpriſe, when he uncovered the diſhes, none of them contained any thing but gold.—Senſible of his miſconduct, and ſtruck with the propriety of the method his wife had adopted, in order to open his eyes, that he might ſee his folly, and fully convinced that gold could not ſatisfy hunger, nor prevent a famine, he immediately gave orders, that, in future, no more than one fifth part of his ſubjects ſhould be employed in procuring gold from

the mines, and that the other four parts ſhould betake themſelves to agriculture and the uſeful arts.

It would be eaſy to multiply inſtances of the aſcendancy which women of ſenſe have always gained over men of feeling. The Empreſs Livia, having obtained ſuch an influence over her huſband Auguſtus, that there was ſcarcely any thing he could refuſe her, and many of the married ladies of Rome being anxious to know the means that ſhe had uſed to attain this end, one of them, at laſt venturing to aſk her, ſhe replied, "By being obedient to all his commands; by not endeavouring to diſcover his ſecrets; and by concealing my knowledge of his amours."

Henry the Fourth of France, one of the greateſt and moſt amiable of Princes, affords a very remarkable inſtance of the power women may, by gentle methods, acquire over men. Tender and compaſſionate in his nature, he could not refuſe any thing to ſoftneſs,

ſoftneſs, entreaties, and tears: Senſible, at the ſame time, and jealous of his honour and power, there was not any thing which he would grant, when attempted to be forced from him by other methods. Hence he was conſtantly governed by his miſtreſſes, and at variance with his wives. The Salic law ordains, that the crown of France ſhall never fall to the diſtaff: But the French women have been amply revenged for this affront; for, by contriving to govern almoſt every monarch, they have conſtantly governed that great kingdom, from the apparent management of which the law has ſo poſitively excluded them.

The following lines were ſent by a gentleman to his lady with a RING:

Thee, Beſſy, with this Ring I wed,
So ſixteen years ago I ſaid,
Behold another Ring; for what?
To wed thee o'er again—why not?
With that firſt Ring I married youth,
Grace, beauty, innocence, and truth,

Taſte long admir'd, ſenſe long rever'd,
And all my Beſſy then appear'd.
If ſhe, by merit ſince diſclos'd,
Prove twice the woman I ſuppos'd,
I plead that double merit now,
To juſtify a double vow.
Here, then, to day, with faith as ſure,
With ardour as intenſe and pure,
As when amidſt the rights divine,
I took thy truth, and plighted mine,
To thee, ſweet girl, my ſecond Ring,
A token and a pledge I bring.
With this I wed, till death us part,
Thy riper virtues to my heart.
Thoſe virtues which before untried,
The wife has added to the bride;
Thoſe virtues whoſe progreſſive claim,
Endearing wedlock's very name,
My ſoul enjoys, my ſong approves,
For conſcience' ſake, as well as love's.
For why? They ſhew me, hour by hour,
Honour's high thought, affection's pow'r,
Diſcretion's deed, ſound judgment's *ſentence*,
And teach me all things but repentance.

## BY THE SAME AUTHOR TO HIS LADY, WITH A KNIFE.

A Knife, dear girl, cuts love, they ſay;
Mere modiſh love, perhaps, it may:
For any tool, of any kind,
Can ſep'rate what was never join'd.
The Knife that cuts our love in two,
Will have much tougher work to do,
Muſt cut your ſoftneſs, worth, and ſpirit,
Down to vulgar ſize of merit:
To level your's with modern taſte,
Muſt cut a world of ſenſe to waſte,
And from your ſingle beauty's ſtore,
Clip what would dizen out a ſcore.
The ſelf ſame blade from me muſt ſever,
Senſation, judgment, ſight, for ever,
All mem'ry of endearments paſt,
All hope of comforts long to laſt,
All that makes fifteen years with you
A ſummer, and a ſhort one too,
All that affection feels and fears,
When hours without you ſeem like years.
'Till that be done (and I'd as ſoon
Believe this Knife would clip the moon)
Accept my preſent, undeterr'd,
And leave their proverbs to the herd:

If in a kiſs, delicious treat,
Your lips acknowledge the receipt,
Love, fond of ſuch ſubſtantial fare,
And proud to play the glutton there,
All thought of cutting will diſdain,
Save only—cut and come again.

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CONSTANCY.

## CONSTANCY.

Go, bid the needle his dear North forſake,
To which, with trembling rev'rence it doth bend;
Go, bid the ſtones a journey upward make;
Go, bid the ambitious flame no more aſcend:
And when theſe, falſe to their old motions, prove,
Then will I ceaſe thee, thee alone, to love.

COWLEY.

CONSTANCY may, I think, be juſtly ranked amongſt the catalogue of virtues: For as inconſtancy is an evil which has proved the ſource of miſery to thouſands, the ſincere and faithful heart muſt ſurely be conſidered as a bleſſing and a treaſure to thoſe to whom it is dedicated, and ſhould be valued accordingly.

No one ſhould dare to profeſs a ſerious and tender regard for another, unleſs he feels it;

and when once he has made any promiſes, he ſhould ſtrictly perform them; nor lightly break through engagements in which, the heart on one ſide, may be ſteadily and warmly attached. The peace of a fellow-creature is too ſacred to be trifled with;—and I never read of trials for breach of promiſe in love matters, without feeling regret, when the damages given are too trifling to be materially felt by the offending parties.—The trials of the heart, though often made a ſubject for unfeeling ridicule, are too ſurely amongſt the number of thoſe moſt ſeverely felt by my unhappy ſex: Whilſt the gay Lotharios of the age, regardleſs of the ſufferings their broken vows occaſion, perſevere in their diſſipated purſuits, and ſeldom find any difficulty in obtaining admittance into the moſt reſpectable circles, even when they cannot produce one good reaſon as an apology for their conduct. That ſuch things are, I muſt lament; that they are treated lightly, I cannot but condemn. For the ſeduction of the heart, what can atone?

Too

Too often happineſs is the ſacrifice to inconſtancy; and even reaſon has been diſplaced, by an unconquerable regret for the loſs of one, who, as an amuſement, trifled with the peace of a believing woman, and then left her to pine away, in ſolitude and diſcontent, the remaining part of a life, which would joyfully have been employed to render the deceiver happy. I ſhall conclude this paper with the following fable:

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## THE JAY AND DOVE.

Lodg'd was the grain, all ſafe from harm,
And ſtubble only cloth'd the field;
The feather'd tribe amongſt it ſwarm,
To find what harveſt—waſte might yield.

Pigeons, crows, ravens, rooks, jackdaws,
With ſundry flights of leſſer note,
For now, 'twas free by farmers laws,
For birds and beaſts of every coat.

Amongſt the reſt, a Dove ſo white,
She might have vy'd with Lucy's ſkin;
Or us'd to grace a Jewiſh rite,
Aton'd a peccant nation's ſin.

As

As Lady Mary's, ſweet her eyes,
As full of love, as full of fire;
Small, neat, and delicate her ſize,
Made to enflame and cool deſire.

Now here and there, in wanton ſport,
She ſcratch'd and pick'd a grain of wheat;
And much behav'd like dame of court,
Invited to a city treat.

The hopes of ſuch a motley crew,
Has drawn her more than thoughts of meat;
A dialogue, tho' low, if new,
To ears of rank, is often ſweet.

Her ſpotleſs form, around her brought
The compliments of field and grove,
Each bill with love's ideas fraught,
Attempt her beſt regards to move.

Birds of all ſorts around her ſwarm,
Each by ſome tender act explains,
How much he wiſhes moſt to charm,
The miſtreſs of his pleaſing pains.

One brings, o'erjoy'd, a blade of wheat,
Another clears, from ants, the way;
Leſt they ſhould ſting her roſy feet,
Obſequious all their homage pay.

Sometimes 'tis troubleſome to pleaſe;
Before, behind, ſuch preſſing crowds,
She ſcarce cou'd breathe, ſo fled for eaſe,
Left the gay route, and cut the clouds.

All, but a ſaucy chatt'ring Jay,
Who wou'd purſue her in her flight;
She turn'd, and warn'd him oft away;
Yet ſtill he follow'd in deſpite.

By every ſort of means ſhe cou'd,
She ſtrove his ſervice to evade;
But ſee her home he ſwore he wou'd,
'Twas late, and dang'rous for a maid.

He then began ſoft tales of love;
Vow'd he ne'er ſaw ſo ſweet a face;
And as they croſs'd a gloomy grove,
Cry'd, Venus! What a charming place!

She neither anſwer deign'd, or turn'd,
But kept her way with rapid flight;
Whilſt he exclaim'd, how much he burn'd,
Without her 'twould be endleſs night;

That let her wander far or near,
O'er lands or ſeas her paſſage bend;
That courſe with bleeding heart he'd ſteer,
Tho' to the world's extremeſt end.

Along they journey'd, till they came
Unto a dove-cot, where her ſpouſe,
Her partner, in a ſteady flame,
Gave billing welcome to her houſe.

"Sir Jay, quoth ſhe, this is my lord,
Whate'er he will's, a rule to me;
Apply then for his joint accord,
If he conſent—why I agree."

The huſband ſtar'd;—his conſort ſmil'd:
The pert, inſipid, ſhallow Jay,
Finding himſelf, by ſenſe, beguil'd,
As coxcombs us'd to, ſneak'd away.

APPLICATION.

Still ſhould chaſte prudence guard connubial rights,
Whene'er laſcivious airs, or tongues approach;
True piety, the moſt profane affrights,
Nor dare on grace, incontinence encroach.

There is a guard in innocency's ſhield,
That all hell's powers ſtill tremble to aſſail;
So eaſy too 'tis, gentleſt maids may wield,
And if they fight reſolv'd, muſt needs prevail.

MOZEEN.

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## FRIENDSHIP AND PHILANTHROPY.

Friendſhip is ſure, on earth, the richeſt prize:
Like Hermon's dew, deſcending from the ſkies,
It cheers the languid heart, the drooping ſoul;
It's balmy ſweets the rougheſt cares controul.
Let faſcinating vice proclaim it's joys!
Let avarice produce it's ſhining toys!
Let haughty pride it's haughty will expreſs!
Let beauty throw out lures and faſhion dreſs!
Let vanity and pomp diſcloſe their taſte!
In diſſipation all their moments waſte!
Let luxury diſplay it's luſcious hoard,
Where richeſt wines are ſparkling on the board!
No treaſure's half ſo rich or ſo ſecure—
No pleaſure's half ſo ſweet, or half ſo pure.
As virtuous friendſhip, when it's fetters bind,
The kindred ſoul, and harmonize the mind.

E. B.

IN this world, there are ſo many jarring intereſts to prevent an harmonious intercourſe betwixt man and man, that the inſtability

inſtability of friendſhip has frequently been a theme for the obſervations of ill-nature, and the ſeverity of wit. That friendſhip is often unſtable, many have found reaſon to regret: But that it cannot exiſt, is a theſis that ought not to be attended to. Every generous mind is capable of friendſhip, and every generous ſpirit would wiſh to be poſſeſſed of a treaſure, that is the greateſt and moſt delightful ſolace in this our pilgrimage of care and ſorrow. Numbers will profeſs themſelves your friends, but without a ſingle ingredient in their nature that will enable them to act up to the character they have aſſumed. They wiſh, perhaps, to pleaſe: But as to friendſhip, they have not an idea that properly belongs to it. If they found you in diſtreſs, they would probably make a few fine profeſſions, and talk of their ſorrow at ſeeing you ſo wretched, without ſhedding a tear to prove their ſincerity. If you had not the neceſſaries of life, they would grudge you a temporary relief; and if they ſaw you diſguiſed in rags, on their part it would inſtantly

ſtantly remove all diſguiſe, for they would not even condeſcend to know or notice you. Such is the pretended friendſhip of the world, and ſuch the dependance to be put on its promiſes.

A perfect and mutual affection between man and man, though uncommon, may, nay, it has been known to exiſt, and hiſtory affords us ſome inſtances too ſtriking to be paſſed over in ſilence: Therefore, at the concluſion of this paper, I ſhall mention two or three, that fully prove mankind capable of cheriſhing a paſſion, which ſerves to enoble the mind, as well as to ſoften the cares and ſorrows by which we are encompaſſed.

In Heaven, where no oppoſition of intereſts can intervene, friendſhip will undoubtedly be free from coldneſs, indifference, and duplicity: Preference will not wound, nor ſuſpicion weaken the affection: The jarring paſſions of pride and ambition will be unknown; and an union of ſoul and ſentiment will

will pervade the whole. Yet I can ſcarcely ſuppoſe that particular friendſhips will be excluded.—At leaſt I am unwilling to think otherwiſe. There is ſomething ſo ſoothing, ſo reviving to the ſoul in the reflection, that I ſhould hope there can be nothing blameable or criminal in the indulgence of it.—I cannot imagine any happineſs ſuperior to that of meeting thoſe we have ſincerely loved in this world, in the pure and bliſsful regions of immortality; and I doubt not but this hope, united with the reflection of a well ſpent life, has enabled many to meet death with fortitude and compoſure.

Should you ever meet a faithful friend, cheriſh him in your heart: And let not either ambition or pleaſure tempt you ever to part with a treaſure more valuable than gold, and more precious than rubies.

LORD LYTTLETON, upon inviting his ſon to paſs the evening with him, received for anſwer, he was engaged with

*ten or a dozen friends.* Whereupon his Lordſhip, *grown old* in the knowledge of the *world*, replied, "I am glad to hear, George, you are ſo very fortunate. Having made the beſt ſearch I could for threeſcore years, I can hardly ſay it has been my fate to meet one friend; and you, it ſeems, find them already by dozens."

What an admirable leſſon this, not to believe every man your friend who profeſſes himſelf ſuch.

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## EXTRAORDINARY INSTANCE OF FEMALE FRIENDSHIP.

Miſs Butler and Miſs Ponſonby, now retired from the ſociety of men into the wilds of a certain Welch vale, are extremely attached to each other. Both ladies are the daughters of the great Iriſh families, whoſe names they retain.

Miſs

Miſs Butler, who is of the Ormond family, had ſeveral offers of marriage, all of which ſhe rejected. As Miſs Ponſonby, her particular friend and companion, was ſuppoſed to be the bar to all matrimonial union, it was thought proper to ſeparate them; and Miſs Butler was confined.

The two ladies, however, found means to elope together; but being ſoon overtaken, they were each brought back to their reſpective relations. Many attempts were renewed to draw Miſs Butler into marriage; but, upon her ſolemnly and repeatedly declaring that nothing could induce her to wed any one, her parents ceaſed to perſecute her by any more offers.

Not many months after, the ladies concerted, and executed a freſh elopement:—Each having a ſmall ſum with them, and having been allowed a trifling income, the place of their retreat was confided to a female ſervant of the Butler family, who was

ſworn to ſecrecy: She was only to ſay, that they were well and ſafe; and hoped that their friends, without farther inquiry, would continue their annuities, which has not only been done, but likewiſe increaſed.

The above-mentioned beautiful vale is the ſpot they fixed on, where they have reſided ſeveral years, unknown to the neighbouring villagers by any other appellation than—"The Ladies in the Vale."

About a twelvemonth ſince, three ladies and a gentleman, ſtopping one night at an inn in the village, not being able to procure beds, the inhabitants applied to the female hermits for accommodation to ſome foreign ſtrangers; this was readily granted—when lo! in theſe foreigners they deſcried ſome of their own relatives! But no entreaties could prevail on the ladies to quit their ſweet retreat.

Miſs

Miſs Butler is tall and maſculine; always wears a riding habit; hangs up her hat with the air of a ſportſman, in the hall, and appears, in all reſpects, as a young man, if we except the petticoat, which ſhe ſtill retains.

Miſs Ponſonby, on the contrary, is polite and effeminate, fair and beautiful.

In Mr. Secretary Steele's liſt of penſions for 1788, there are the names of Ellinor Butler and Sarah Ponſonby, for annuities of fifty pounds each. We have many reaſons to imagine theſe penſioners are the Ladies of the Vale: And their female confidante continues to ſend them their Iriſh annuities beſide.

They live in neatneſs, elegance, and taſte.—Two females are their only ſervants.

Miſs Ponſonby does the duties and honours of the houſe; while Miſs Butler ſuperintends the gardens and the reſt of the grounds.

*The following Anecdote of* STERNE *is ſaid to be Authentic.*

Soon after he had taken poſſeſſion of the living of Coxwould, in Yorkſhire, to which he was preſented by the late Earl Fauconberg, a poor, but worthy widow, at the point of death, deſired that he would come immediately to her, in order, that, in her laſt moments, ſhe might receive the ſacrament. The ſentimental Yorick obeyed the ſummons; and when the ſolemn ceremony was concluded, ſaid, with a benevolent ſmile, "What do you intend to leave me in your will for this trouble?"

"Alas! Sir (anſwered the diſtreſſed pariſhioner) I am too wretched to give a legacy even to my own relations."

"That excuſe (replied her intended benefactor) ſhall not ſerve me. I inſiſt upon inheriting your two children; and, in grateful return for the bequeſt, I will take ſuch care

care of them, that they ſhall feel, as little as poſſible, the loſs of an affectionate and worthy mother."

The expiring parent, at once comforted and ſurpriſed, aſſented; and Sterne religiouſly kept his promiſe.

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## ANECDOTE OF MARECHAL DE CATINAT.

This humane and philoſophic General was denominated by the ſoldiers the Father of Thought. After the battle of Marſialia, gained by Catinat, while on all ſides the acclamations of victory were ſtill heard, and the General was ſurrounded by thoſe who came to pay him their court, a veteran ſoldier of his regiment, piercing through the congratulating crowd, threw himſelf at the General's feet, and, in the name of the whole corps, begged for mercy in favour of one of the braveſt of their comrades, who was juſt ſeized as a deſerter, and who, the preceding even-

ing, had taken in battle a ſtandard, and made ſeveral priſoners.

"Compoſe yourſelf, my friend (replied the General, as he aſſiſted the veteran to riſe) let the deſerter come forward."

He then made his appearance, and, "oh! my father (he cried, as he threw himſelf on the ground) I am a gentleman, the ſon of an officer who was killed at the battle of Lens. My mother, left without proviſion, and without protection, was obliged to labour for my ſubſiſtence and her own;—but age and infirmity ſoon rendered her unable to work, and reduced us to wretchedneſs in the extreme; to ſupport my mother, I enliſted. Soon after I had joined the regiment, I learned that ſhe lay dangerouſly ill: I begged for permiſſion to go and give her my aſſiſtance: That permiſſion was refuſed me: Unable to reſiſt the impulſe of nature, I left my colours to fly to her aid;—and as ſoon as ſhe began to recover, I rejoined

ed the army. Such, oh! my father, is the crime I am now going to expiate with my life; a crime, the diſgrace of which I endeavoured, yeſterday, to efface in the field of battle. I do not beg for mercy, but only, when I ſhall be no more, let ſome aſſiſtance be given to my poor mother."

"My ſon (replied the General, with vivacity) why did you not come to me; or, if you conceived that I was barbarous and unfeeling, why do you call me father? Your birth, and ſtill more your ſentiments, entitle you to the rank of an officer; a commiſſion you ſhall have; your worthy comrade ſhall be rewarded; go, I will inform the King of this affair: Continue to act as becomes a gentleman."

Catinat ſolicited a penſion for the unfortunate mother; and not ſucceeding at firſt in his application, he paid her an annuity from his own purſe, in the name of the King, that he might not hurt her delicacy.

## PROSPERITY AND ADVERSITY, ORDER AND REGULARITY.

With ſuch unſhaken temper of the ſoul,
To bear the ſwelling tide of proſp'rous fortune,
Is to deſerve that fortune. In adverſity
The mind grows tough, by buffeting the tempeſt;
But in ſucceſs diſſolving, ſinks to eaſe,
And loſes all her firmneſs.

ROWE.

PROSPERITY and Adverſity are equally dangerous in their effects: And if not properly underſtood, the temper and diſpoſition may become ſo much intoxicated with the one, or ſo depreſſed by the other, as to be rendered incapable of acting with that conſiſtency which is required to make the favours of proſperity conducive to our preſent happineſs, or the chaſtiſements of adverſity productive of future good.

All

All the ſmiles of fortune could not render ſome people contented with their ſituation, or grateful to Providence for the favours they have received: Whilſt others, reſigned to the lot aſſigned them, are compoſed and cheerful in the very moment they are compelled to ſtruggle with adverſity, and, by perſevering in the paths of fortitude, or yielding, with reſignation, to their fate, will ſurmount their difficulties, and riſe ſuperior to the ſtorm; aſſured that no afflictive event could happen to them without the concurrence of Providence, they ceaſe to repine, and, by that means, are ſufficiently collected to combat with evils, under which others would unfortunately ſink.

As the changes of fortune are ſo ſudden and various, it proves the neceſſity of eſtimating them accordingly, and not reſting our hopes on a foundation ſo weak and unſtable, upon which no certain reliance can be placed for the ſecurity of a moment. The weaker our attachments are to the things of

this world, the better chance we have of enjoying them as we ought, and the leſs our minds will be tortured by the reverſes that may happen. This, too, will be the means of conquering our errors, and prevent our being betrayed into thoſe which we ſee ſo unbecoming and diſguſting in others, and of ſubduing thoſe paſſions, which will not only deprive proſperity of its value, but render adverſity our moſt formidable enemy.

In this world, we cannot look forwards with certainty to any ſtate but that which is to terminate our mortal exiſtence.—Notwithſtanding which, be aſſured of this, the mutability of human life is one of its greateſt advantages. Were it otherwiſe, we ſhould not be ſenſible of the neceſſity of frequently examining our own hearts; yet we are continually complaining of the incertitudes of life, and fooliſhly wiſh that veil removed, which, if lifted up, would only ſerve to agonize our feelings, and keep us in perpetual terror. Proſperity would loſe all its

power

power to charm, and adverſity, in all probability, would be attended with additional diſtreſſes. The preſent moment would fly paſt us unenjoyed, and the future picture ſuch ſcenes as would prevent our being contented with what would otherwiſe be conducive to our happineſs.

If we eſtimated the things of this world according to their real value, we ſhould be much more reſigned and compoſed, amidſt the trials we have to encounter, than we are in general inclined to be. We ſhould not become giddy and vain in proſperity, or be led to deſpair under the darkeſt cloud of adverſity. This life, compared with eternity, is no more than a drop of water taken from the ſea, or a ſand from the ſea ſhore. It is but as a moment. Why then ſhould ſo many thouſand mortals be found ſo wretched about the accommodation they meet with for ſo ſhort a ſpace of time, or place ſo high a value on thoſe treaſures for which they can

obtain

obtain no certain ſecurity, and which they cannot carry with them?

The mind in which diſorder prevails, is like a kingdom without government, or a houſe without a maſter, yet there are too many who delight in irregularity, who are even ſatisfied in the midſt of confuſion, can go to reſt when others riſe, and whoſe pleaſure it is to break through ſettled rules, without being able or deſirous to form any ſyſtem by which to be guided, who will ſubmit to no law but that of their own will, and who live in a conſtant tumult. Such people as theſe can have no ſenſe of the value of time, but delight in that which debaſes and corrupts the mind.

The world is crowded with perſons always eager after new purſuits, and diſtracted with new deſires, who live and die without being of any other uſe than to confuſe and haraſs the peace of others, who, as they exiſt without reflection (for I will not call it living)

ing) die without knowing any thing of themſelves or their affairs. A temper thus unſettled and diſordered, for want of conforming to order and regularity, is afraid of looking into itſelf, leſt it ſhould find its own puniſhment in the confuſion that prevails.

Ever, then, carefully preſerve a proper dominion over your minds and actions:—Your thoughts will then be regulated by wiſdom, and your underſtanding will be clear to make ſuch diſcoveries as will ſerve to prevent your becoming a victim to your paſſions. "Each of us may be conſidered (ſays an excellent writer) as an epitome of the world, which is ſubject to eclipſes, changes of weather, to ſtorms and tempeſts.—We alſo obſerve the ſtrange revolutions which happen in the univerſe; but as Providence, in the midſt of ſuch a multitude of created beings, preſerves the utmoſt harmony, both in Heaven and earth, ſo ought reaſon to preſerve, in the human mind, the ſtricteſt attention to order and peace. Without this, we

degrade

degrade ourſelves below the meaneſt inſect, or even the inanimate parts of the creation; all which anſwer the purpoſes for which they were made. Behold the bee, or the ant;—a thouſand times wiſer, each of them, than the man who deſpiſes them; theſe never deviate from the laws of their nature, nor from the path which Providence has aſſigned them; It is by an imitation of their conduct and foreſight, that families are maintained, and kingdoms preſerve their power and ſplendor.

"When a houſe is on fire, with what eagerneſs do we haſten to put it out? And ſhall we ſuffer our paſſions to burn with fury in the midſt of us, without giving ourſelves the leaſt trouble to extinguiſh the flame? We ſeldom reflect that the mind is a kingdom, which cannot be well governed, without a conſtant care, as well to defend it from its enemies, as to promote whatever may tend to the eſtabliſhment of peace and tranquillity. Conſider the ſtars, which ſhine in their courſes,

courſes, over our heads; conſider the elements, which are the ſource of life and reſpiration.—Alas! what monitors are theſe to man, to be always ready, like them, to execute the commands of God! This view of the creation perpetually reminds us, that every rational creature alſo ought to move in its proper ſphere, and diſcharge its reſpective duty. When we only act as we are influenced by a capricious humour, we inſult the wiſdom of a God of order, and raiſe a perpetual tumult in our own breaſts.

"When you are confirmed in this wiſe method of acting methodically, every part of your conduct will be happily adjuſted: You will ſet apart proper ſeaſons for ſtudy and for recreation; you will manage your time and your income with prudence; you will diſtribute exact juſtice to your neighbours, and you will never engage in any important enterpriſe, without conſidering the end: Nothing will ever make you forget the duties which you owe to your character and ſtation;

tion; no day will pass, in which you will not remember your duty to God: We never lose sight of those duties, but when we go on without a single thought of what we are, and what will become of us."

THE

## THE DANGER OF WIT, AND ILL-TIMED JESTING.

Wit, how delicious to man's dainty taſte,
'Tis precious as the vehicle of ſenſe:
But as its ſubſtitute—a dire diſeaſe.
Pernicious talent! flatter'd by the world,
By the blind world, which thinks the talent rare.

YOUNG'S NIGHT THOUGHTS.

IT is a very old obſervation, but I am afraid it has often been known to have its foundation in truth, that many perſons will rather loſe their friend, than the opportunity of ſaying what is called a good thing, which is ſometimes ill-timed and unpleaſant to the ear of thoſe to whom it is addreſſed: For, however we may be inclined to laugh, we ſeldom are found in a humour to join in it, when it is at our own expence: Neither can it be ſuppoſed we ſhould reliſh the wit

which

which provokes the mirth of the company, or expoſes us to the ridicule of the world.

True wit is neither perſonal nor malicious. At bodily or mental defects, it never ſhould be pointed: Such attacks are both cruel and illiberal. The ſame hand which gave you a perfect ſhape, and a good underſtanding, formed the unfortunate being whoſe diſtreſſes you render more ſevere, by holding them up as marks for ridicule and contempt, when you ſhould endeavour to conceal his failings, and compaſſionate his deformities: An untoward accident may reduce you to a ſtate more deplorable; and think, what would be your feelings in ſuch a moment, when you recollected, that, as you have ſhewn no pity to others, you can have no claim to commiſeration, now it is become your turn to ſuffer!

"True wit," ſays an excellent Author, "is propriety of ſentiment, with vivacity of expreſſion."—Never, then, ſhould it deviate from thoſe reſtrictions, which would give it dignity

dignity and value, and confine it to proper objects, of which there are an abundant number to call forth its moſt brilliant and pointed powers. Vice, in all its various ſhapes, is the proper object for the attacks of wit and ſatire, and has ever been conſidered as an excellent recipe to cure the ridiculous follies of every age. Whilſt wit and ſatire are pointed at vice, they appear both uſeful and reſpectable: Whenever they attack modeſty, innocence, or infirmity, they are deteſtable, and out of place.

Wit is a dangerous weapon, in careleſs or unſkilful hands, and in ſuch a caſe, frequently recoils upon itſelf with redoubled vengeance. Let it then be uſed with tenderneſs and caution. Above all, never, by way of ſhewing your wit and talents in the art of ridicule, expoſe the frailties and infirmities of others, by bringing them upon the ſtage of the world, in ſuch colours, that the portrait cannot be miſtaken, and they remain to be pointed at, and to lament being the un-

fortunate objects againſt which you levelled your attacks. Such attempts are barbarous and unjuſt. A certain celebrated wit, who has long been no more, amidſt all the plaudits he ſo generally and loudly received, muſt, at times, have felt very unpleaſant ſenſations, when he recollected how much pain he had given to ſome of his beſt friends, by expoſing frailties, which their own hoſpitality and friendſhip could alone have enabled him to diſcover and betray. Such conduct not only deſerves the ſevereſt cenſure, but is, in ſuch a caſe, almoſt a ſufficient excuſe for cloſing the heart againſt every hoſpitable and friendly attention.

Who ſtea's my purſe, ſteals traſh; 'tis ſomething; nothing;
'Twas mine; 'tis his; and has been ſlave to thouſands;
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that, which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

SHAKESPEARE.

Once at Corinth, Stratonicus, having ſuffered ſome indiſcreet, but witty jokes to eſcape him, he obſerved an old woman ſurveying

veying him with great attention; and when he inquired why ſhe did ſo, received for anſwer, "I am aſtoniſhed how your mother could bear you within her nine months, when this city cannot a ſingle day."

Many people are apt to value themſelves upon that in which they leaſt excel, and to neglect thoſe talents they really poſſeſs, and might improve. In like manner, ſome will think themſelves poſſeſſed of wit, who have no abilities for it, and will laugh at their own nonſenſical obſervations, in hopes of impreſſing others with an idea of their cleverneſs.—To know ourſelves, is undoubtedly the moſt difficult knowledge to acquire; but however difficult, it ought to be attended to, as being ignorant of our own character, will expoſe us to the cenſure and ridicule of the world.

"Demoſthenes, the moſt powerful orator of all Greece, valued himſelf upon facetiouſneſs and raillery, to which he was an abſolute ſtranger."

Cicero

"Cicero aimed to excel in poetry, but the line upon his own conſulſhip, which Juvenal has preſerved, is a ſtanding jeſt upon his poetical talent."

"Ben Johnſon was a valuable writer of comedy; but he doated upon his Sejanus, and Catiline, which are miſerable compoſitions in tragedy."

"This pretence, to univerſality of genius, is a kind of drawback to that ſpecies of excellence which a man really poſſeſſes.—The Alma of Prior is the greateſt effort of his genius; but the Author was, or pretended to be, ſuch a ſtranger to its merit, that he ſpoke of his Alma always as a ſlight performance, and as a mere effort of amuſement.—Solomon, a poem of merit, but rather tedious, from its plan, was his favourite child; and whoever paid him a viſit, was ſure to have a doſe from Solomon, and ſome glaſſes of ſack; ſo that ſack and Solomon became a proverbial expreſſion among Prior's friends."

DETRAC-

## DETRACTION.

Do you ne'er feel a murky kind of dread,
Spread its chill influence o'er your heart and head?
As if ſome noxious reptile, drawing near,
Impreſs'd your mind with ſomething more than fear?
Juſt ſo I feel, whene'er by chance I ſpy,
The baſe detractor fix his venom'd eye:
A ſneering figure, arm'd with ſnaky gall,
Who aims alike its ſting at great or ſmall:
Beauty, and innocence, youth, worth, and age,
Fill its dark ſoul with enmity and rage.
Envy can feel no pleaſure, know no joy,
But what another's pleaſure will deſtroy:
In each diſtorted feature may be read,
That malice ſwells the heart, and rules the head.
The loveliеſt form that human nature wears,
To envy proves the certain ſource of cares.

E. B.

OF all the vices which diſgrace the nature and name of man and woman, Envy and Detraction are the moſt debaſing;

and no one would ſuppoſe that the enlightened followers of Chriſtianity would admit them to their boſoms. They cannot be true and ſincere Chriſtians, who either cheriſh envy, or liſten to the dark and poiſoned tale of detraction, which, like an evil and malignant ſpirit, would feel a pleaſure in bringing all upon a level with itſelf; and therefore will blaſt the reputation of thouſands, to accompliſh the diabolical purpoſe; for though it will ſpeak well of no one, it will not heſitate to pronounce the ſentence of infamy on thoſe who are ſo unfortunate as to be thrown in its way. It is too often the murderer of peace; and peace, once loſt, of what value is life?

He, who malignant tears an abſent friend,
Or when attack'd by others, don't defend;
Who trivial burſts of laughter ſtrives to raiſe,
And courts of prating petulance the praiſe;
Of things he never ſaw, who tells his tale,
And friendſhip's ſecrets knows not to conceal;
This man is vile; here, Roman, fix your mark;
His ſoul is black, as his complexion's dark.

FRANCIS's HORACE.

A mind, thus inclined to throw a dark ſhade over the actions of others, can ſcarcely be thought human; and we may pronounce, with certainty, it is unacquainted with the divine precepts of religion. To be conſtantly in the habit of evil ſpeaking, proves that we are deſtitute of goodneſs: To profeſs friendſhip for the perſon we mean to injure, is a double crime; and to injure any one unprovoked, is the dark province of a depraved mind. It has often been a ſubject of ſurpriſe to me, that any one can be ſo daring as to put confidence in the man who ſpeaks ill of his fellow-creatures. Will the mimic give up his humour, for fear of wounding the ſenſibility, on which his power of entertaining reſts, though at the ſame time he makes himſelf appear the greateſt fool and the moſt ſingular oddity, by ſhewing the powers of a monkey or baboon?—And it has ever been my ſettled opinion, that the perſon moſt ready to condemn, or give a bad character of another, proves his own to be the moſt contemptible. Depend

upon this; when the tongue is the ready vehicle of ſlander, the heart muſt be a ſtranger to benevolence.

He that can ſpeak evil of a friend, or level the ſhaft of detraction at his unſuſpecting boſom, may be conſidered as a peſtilence, which, without diſtinction, is deſtructive to all. Avoid, with determined reſolution, aſſociating with perſons whoſe minds are thus warped by ill-humour and pride:—Shut your doors againſt them, and never permit ſuch pernicious viſitors to diſturb the peace of yourſelves or families. They, who can, with pleaſure, propagate malicious falſhoods, would, if they were as ſecure from puniſhment, plunder you of your property, or perhaps deprive you of that life, from which they are endeavouring to ſteal every innocent and pleaſant enjoyment. I would likewiſe adviſe you to ſhun the goſſiping, prating idler, who goes from houſe to houſe merely to kill that precious time which was given by Providence for good and uſeful purpoſes.

poſes. Theſe kind of people often do a great deal of miſchief, without being actuated by envy, or a wiſh to injure their neighbours, but from a love of talking, which is frequently become ſo determined a habit, that its effects are ſometimes productive of the greateſt evils, both in public and private life. The character of a goſſip being delineated in the following ſatire, I ſhall venture to introduce it without farther comment.

My ſoul abhors the ever tatling dame,
Whoſe reſtleſs tongue deſtroys another's fame,
Who into every frying-pan muſt peep,
Know who's at home, abroad, or who's aſleep,
Who, tho' there's nothing new beneath the ſun,
Is ever anxious to hear what is done:
Every love tale the goſſip can impart,
Tell who has gained, or who has loſt a heart,
The folly of the deed with ſpleen decry,
Pronounce the parties will grow cold or ſhy.
Againſt ſuch gueſts with caution ſhut your door,
Admit them, and the deed you will deplore.
Of huſbands errors they will freely ſpeak,
Blame the fond wife, if humble, kind, or meek:

But if her ſoul with jealouſy be rent,
Perhaps condemn her for her diſcontent.
Worſe plagues than thoſe of Egypt are combin'd,
In the ſmall compaſs of a goſſip's mind,
Which ſpreads its baneful influence afar,
And hurls deſtruction like a civil war. E. B.

"Envy," ſays Lord Bacon, "has no holidays."—What can be a more ſtriking and lively deſcription, of the miſerable ſtate of mind thoſe endure, who are tormented with this vice.

"When an envious man is melancholy," ſays another Author, "one may aſk him, in the words of Bion, what evil has befallen himſelf, or what good has happened to another."—Again,

"It is not that envy never praiſes. No, that would be making a public profeſſion of itſelf, and advertiſing its own malignity;—whereas the greateſt ſucceſs of its efforts depends on the concealment of their end.—

When

When envy intends to ſtrike a ſtroke of machiavelian policy, it ſometimes affects the language of the moſt exaggerated applauſe; though it generally takes care, that the ſubject of its panegyric ſhall be a very indifferent and common character, ſo that it is well aware none of its praiſes will ſtick."

"It is the unhappy nature of envy not to be contented with poſitive miſery, but to be continually aggravating its own torments, by comparing them with the felicities of others. The eyes of envy are perpetually fixed on the object which diſturbs it; nor can it avert them from it, though to procure itſelf the relief of a temporary forgetfulneſs. On ſeeing the innocence of the firſt pair.

——— "Aſide the devil turn'd,
"For envy, yet with jealous leer malign,
"Eyed them aſkance."

"As this enormous ſin chiefly inſtigated the revolt, and brought on the ruin of the

angelic ſpirits, ſo it is not improbable that it will be a principal inſtrument of miſery in a future world, for the envious to compare their deſperate condition with the happineſs of the children of God; and to heighten their actual wretchedneſs, by reflecting on what they have loſt "

THE

## THE MYRTLE AND THE BRAMBLE—A FABLE.

### BY H. J. PYE, ESQ. POET LAUREAT.

Luxuriant with perennial green,
A Myrtle, young and lovely, ſtood;
Sole beauty of the wintry ſcene;
The faireſt daughter of the wood.

Cloſe by her ſide a Bramble grew,
Like other brambles rude with thorn;
Who, ſicken'd at the pleaſing view,
Yet what ſhe envied ſeem'd to ſcorn.

Full oft to blaſt each hated charm,
She call'd the fiery bolts of Jove;
But Jove was too polite to harm
Aught ſacred to the Queen of Love.

Yet was her rage not wholly croſt,
Boreas was to her wiſhes kind;
And, from his magazines of froſt,
He ſummon'd forth the keeneſt wind.

A thouſand clouds ſurcharg'd with rain,
The ruffian god around him calls,
Then blows intenſe; and o'er the plain
A fleecy deluge conſtant falls.

No more the Myrtle bears the belle,
No more her leaves luxuriant ſhew:
The thorny Bramble looks as well
Powder'd and perriwig'd with ſnow.

Sure ſome ſour antiquated maid,
(The very Bramble of her ſex)
To each invidious power has pray'd,
Our eyes and ſenſes to perplex.

Faſhion, with more than Boreas rage,
An univerſal ſnow has ſpread,
And given the hoary tint of age,
To every lovely female's head.

Oh! break thy rival's hated ſpell,
Kind Nature, that where'er we ramble,
Thy work from Courtois* we may tell,
And know a Myrtle from a Bramble.

* A French Hair-dreſſer.

## HYPOCRISY.

Mark well that figure ſtanding on the right:
The ſycophant will ſwear that black is white.
He'll not oppreſs or rob, if you'll believe;
But God himſelf he almoſt would deceive.
Say what you will, he will aſſert the ſame;
Praiſe, if you praiſe; defame, if you defame,
Friendſhip profeſs, with ſmooth and dulcet note,
Next moment join your foe, and cut your throat;
Quarrel with none, for none affection feel,
And every ſecret but his own reveal.
So complicate the turnings of his mind,
His real meaning none could ever find:
He'll court the rich and great with ſervile knee,
Be any thing but what he ought to be;
Say any thing but what he really thinks,
And farcically weep with him who ſinks:
No generous paſſion can it's bliſs impart,
Or find one narrow paſſage to his heart.

In that great day, which will of art diveſt,
And every hypocrite muſt ſtand confeſt,
I'd rather be a cabbage, worm, or ſnail,
Than forc'd ſuch degradation to bewail.
Then ſhun this hateful vice in every form,
Avoid it, tho' you brave each earthly ſtorm:
None but a deiſt, arm'd with demon's ſpite,
Would dare to act the wily hypocrite.

E. B.

HYPOCRISY may juſtly be claſſed amongſt the number of our meaneſt and moſt degrading vices, derogatory to the dignity of human nature, deteſtable in itſelf, and tormenting to thoſe who are in the habit of practiſing its devices, by which they may be ſaid to appear in maſquerade. It is better to encounter the man who boldly demands your purſe, than to be robbed of your peace of mind by the artful hypocrite, who, under the ſemblance of friendſhip, may betray your confidence, and ſteal your ſecrets, in order to publiſh them to the world. I had rather aſſociate with uninformed ſavages, than with people, who, taking advantage, perhaps, of an

an unſuſpecting nature, make proteſtations of friendſhip, which they are incapable of feeling, and profeſs the higheſt admiration of your talents and virtues, in order to ſtab you the more ſecurely amongſt others, with whom, perhaps, they are playing the ſame diabolical game.

Good God! how ſtrange it is, that the creatures thou haſt made, whom thou haſt endued with reaſon, and formed for immortality, ſhould delight in deceiving or degrading each other! or that the children of one and the ſame family ſhould be actuated by a ſpirit ſo contradictory to the noble purpoſe for which they were created! That any one ſhould ſtoop to ſubterfuge and art, merely to interrupt the happineſs of a fellow mortal, would ſcarcely be believed, were not the painful truth too often proved by undeniable facts. Shun, therefore, with the utmoſt caution, any connexion with people who you hear expoſe the frailties of thoſe with whom they live on terms of intimacy.

It

It has often been to me a ſubject of ſurpriſe, that they are admitted into what is called good and polite ſociety, even when it has been in their power to pay for their admiſſion, by giving, in return, good dinners, excellent wine, and a deſert of the fineſt fruits.

I have lived many years in the world, and have met with hypocrites in various ſituations; but I never ſaw them, without feeling that indignation which has ever, I thank Heaven, deterred me from the practice of a vice of ſo low and grovelling a nature, that it muſt ever be ſtigmatiſed with contempt.

Simplicity and truth ſhould guide our words and actions; they would lead us into no difficulties, involve us in no labyrinths, nor expoſe us to the ſcorn and ridicule of the world: They are equally reſpectable in the pooreſt mechanic as in the greateſt potentate; and the better they are known, the more they will be admired, and the higher they will be eſtimated: No mean ſubterfu-

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ges are ever found neceſſary to give them a brighter gloſs: They want not the borrowed aid of ſtratagem or concealment, to gain them applauſe, which, when obtained by art, can never be attended with any real ſatisfaction; for the ſucceſs of the hypocrite muſt be his own humiliating puniſhment.

Another conſideration, which might deter us from hypocriſy, is the trouble which it neceſſarily brings on thoſe who practiſe it, and the great difficulty they find to guard againſt diſcovery, as the common liar, without being poſſeſſed of a very retentive memory, is every moment in danger of detection. Thus the hypocrite, without an infinite degree of art, would be expoſed to equal contempt, and draw upon himſelf the diſgrace he ſo juſtly merits.

Although there is an old adage, which ſays, "Truth ſhould not be ſpoken at all times;" yet I had rather you ſhould incur the cenſure of the faſtidious and narrow minded,

minded, by appearing always in the unadorned character of ſimple nature, than ſee you careſſed, and hear the higheſt eulogiums beſtowed on you, for being, on your firſt entrance into the world, able to practiſe the moſt poliſhed and refined hypocriſy. Ever ſtudy to appear what you really are, not only to your friends, but to the world.—You will then have nothing to fear from the cenſure of either: Your character will ſtand above deriſion or contempt, even in the opinion of your enemies, and your ſlumbers will never be diſturbed by that worſt of all tormentors, ſelf reproach.

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INDO

## INDOLENCE.

The following letter ſo well deſcribes the ill effects of waſting life in idleneſs and inactivity, as would render every thing I could ſay on the ſubject ſuperfluous:

"SIR,

"Having taken it into my head that the hiſtory of your humble ſervant may be of uſe to thoſe idle perſons, who, like myſelf, employ their mornings in endeavouring to diſcover what is going forward in the great world, and may juſtly be ſaid to mind every one's buſineſs but their own; and in hopes the following account of myſelf may animate them to become more uſeful, I dedicate it particularly to the Indolent.

"Being diſappointed in a love affair in my youth, I determined, againſt the will of my father, a man in a flouriſhing way of trade, to go to ſea.—The hardſhips I endured upon that boiſterous element, filled my mind with the

the conſtant idea of the happineſs enjoyed by thoſe, who, with a competent fortune, were enabled to retire from the buſtle of the world. As I neither loved drink, but for the ſake of company, nor play, which makes all company equal, I had no reliſh for what is at this time deemed pleaſure. Retirement, therefore, ſweet repoſe, was all I ſought.—On my return from my third voyage, I found my father had been dead ſome months, and had left me a patrimony ſufficient to put my favourite ſcheme in execution. I took an apartment in a village about twelve miles from town, and enjoyed the firſt twelve months of my ſolitude beyond deſcription. I avoided all viſits, and kept company only with thoſe, who, in point of fortune, were my inferiors, becauſe I would not ſubmit, in the leaſt inſtance, to act againſt my inclination. My happineſs, however, was at length diſturbed by ill health. The ſummer coming on, which happened to be remarkably hot, it was with difficulty that I buttoned my waiſtcoat, and the apprehenſion of an approaching

proaching dropſy, embittered every pleaſure. A cold winter ſucceeded, and threatened me with a rheumatiſm, to avoid which, I confined myſelf to the houſe, where I kept myſelf in a conſtant glow. If I cut my finger, the appearance of a gangrene, and the fear of loſing ſo uſeful a member, enſued. In ſhort, the happineſs I had promiſed myſelf eluded my graſp, and I was truly miſerable.

It happened that the Captain, with whom I had ſailed, now become an Admiral, came to ſpend the ſummer at a nobleman's ſeat in my neighbourhood. He viſited me often, for there had always ſubſiſted a ſtrong intimacy between us. The firſt viſit went off moſt delightfully, in talking over old ſtories; though I could not help now and then interlarding my diſcourſe with accounts of my ill health, and at length enlarged much on that ſubject; to which the Admiral, never making an anſwer, I was ſpiteful enough, in the bitterneſs of my ſoul, to wiſh he might,

for

for one day, experience what I had endured ſo many months. Soon after his return to London, I received a letter, informing me that he had procured me a little place of 300l. per annum, which he thought would be an acceptable addition to my income, and would only require my attendance twice a week. I returned him my ſincere thanks, but not without ſuffering two poſt days to elapſe, before I could reſolve to take the trouble of writing a letter, begging leave to decline his kind offer, as I had ſufficient for every call, and that my health would not permit me to reſide in London. To which I received the following anſwer:

"Curſe me, Jack, I have laid myſelf under an obligation to the miniſter for the place I mentioned, and you ſhall accept it. If you have enough, the devil's in it if you don't know ſome worthy creature who has not. You have no call to reſide in town.—What ſhould hinder your riding twenty-four miles twice a week? For a very few hours

hours will do all your buſineſs at the office. Your name is down; and if you don't come and take poſſeſſion, expect, for the future, an inveterate enemy in your hitherto friend, &c."

"My diſorder had taken ſuch hold on my ſpirits, and occaſioned ſuch a timidity, that I dared not refuſe ſo peremptory a command, ſo, with an aching heart, I went to the great city, and took my place in the office.

"Having, by my attendance there, rode about five hundred miles, I found my health and ſpirits abundantly improved. While in town, I picked up a conſtant amuſement to ſerve me in my retreat, which now became ſuperlatively delightful on every return to it.

"My friend the Admiral, one day, with an arch leer, inquired very particularly into the ſtate of my health; and before I could make him any reply, burſt into a horſe laugh,

laugh, which did not leave me a moment in doubt of my owing all my preſent enjoyment to his ſagacity and friendſhip.

"One of the greateſt maladies incident to our ſex, is idleneſs. A woman can ſit down and few, or flouriſh a ruffle with the notion that ſhe is doing ſomething; but if a man has no employ, he has *abſolutely* nothing to do.

"I now look back, with great pleaſure, on the ſtorm I have weathered, and heartily ſubſcribe to the truth of the old proverb, that *lazy people take the moſt pains*.—When I uſed to ſit lounging in my eaſy chair, racking my brain who to employ in tranſacting any little buſineſs I had to do, as it generally happened, that, to ſave farther trouble, I put it into the hands of the firſt perſon who came my way, ſo it was an hundred to one that I could not have employed a worſe.—I remember one day, a carpenter, who was doing a job in the houſe, aſked me if he could

could do any buſineſs for me in London, where he was to go next day? I had put off buying linen and cloaths till I was ſhamefully ſhabby, ſo begged the honeſt man to buy me ſome Iriſh for ſhirts, and ſome cloth for a ſuit of clothes, and get them made up at a reputable taylor's, having forgot whither mine was lately removed, and not chuſing the trouble of ſearching for the direction he had ſent me. The good man executed his commiſſion as I might have foreſeen. He bought me ſuch linen as he himſelf wore on Sundays, and put my cloaths to be made by a botcher of his acquaintance, who, he aſſured me, was a *very honeſt fellow*; and a fine appearance I made in them! I once employed a knaviſh *puritan* to ſell out ſome ſtock for me, which he kept to his own uſe, and I could never bring him to refund a farthing.

"Although it is with ſhame I repeat it, I will not ſuppreſs the following account, in the hope that it may benefit ſome who have

have the misfortune to be troubled with the malady of Indolence.

"The Admiral, inquiring after my couſin, Tom Trueman, I told him, with tears in my eyes, that, having been betrayed by his good nature, to be bound for a fellow who turned out an arrant villain, poor Tom had finiſhed his life in a gaol. The eyes of my friend ſparkled with rage.

"And could you," he aſked, "ſuffer your relation to rot in a gaol?"

"I replied, with ſome heat, "that I muſt have ruined myſelf, had I attempted to clear him."

"That," ſaid he, "no one could expect. But reflect, with horror, on the conſequences of Indolence, when I aſſure you, that, could you have reſolved to ſacrifice ſome hours of "your darling eaſe," to the ſublime pleaſure of ſerving a worthy object, and for whom I

know you had the higheſt regard, Tom Trueman had now been living in eaſe and affluence, as I had it often in my power to have provided for him at a diſtance from his mercileſs creditors, had you applied to me for him."

"The ſhock I received from this converſation, can only be conceived by him who has thoughtleſsly habituated himſelf to paſs thoſe hours in eaſe and indulgence, which he might have employed for the benefit of his fellow-creatures, and thereby ſuffered his deareſt and tendereſt connexions to pine in want, of what a little exertion, on his part, might have procured for them. The reflection diſtracts me!

"I am, &c.

B. C.

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## SORDIDNESS.

Mark well that pale, decrepid, trembling form,
Shiv'ring with age he braves, the burſting ſtorm:
His head uncover'd, and his limbs all cold,
He heeds it not, whilſt he can ſave his gold.
Thoſe tattered garments, flutt'ring in the wind,
Are faithful emblems of his ſhabby mind,
Which long by one prevailing paſſion bent,
Is left a prey to its own diſcontent.
Not one fond relative his couch will tend:
He'll die, as he has liv'd, without a friend;
Steal out of life with anxious, trembling fear,
And unlamented, claim no gen'rous tear.
The wealth he leaves will circulate with ſpeed,
No part was ever lent the child of need.
Ill gotten gold (the adage old I tell)
Was never known to wear, or proſper well.
Whilſt he, who ſaves by mean and ſordid tricks,
Might juſt as well hoard uſeleſs ſtones and bricks:
Their value equal, if they are abuſed.
Their value equal, if they are not uſed.

In

In this mean wretch, mark, what a fool is man,
And learn experience from his ſordid plan.
If wealth increaſe, he languiſhes for more,
And in the midſt of plenty will be poor;
Still over anxious ſuch a ſum to ſave,
Ne'er recollects the ſentence of the grave;
'Till death, who pays no homage to his pence,
Prepares his dart, and takes the monſter hence.

E. B.

IF man were formed to live for ever in this world, or if he could inſure himſelf length of years, I ſhould not wonder at his deſire to gain ſuch accommodations as would make his pilgrimage as pleaſant and comfortable as poſſible; but as we are but the tenants of a day, an hour, a moment, how unneceſſary to be ſo anxious about that future, which may never come to us! Rather let us learn wiſdom of the ant, and the induſtrious bee, who, having provided for the winter, look to the ſucceeding ſpring, without anxiety and fear.

Not ſo wiſe is the avaricious man: Tho' his hoards are abundant, his fears of know-

ing want prevent his enjoying their ſweets; and though his wiſhes are few, and his means of gratifying them profuſe and numerous, he ſtarves in the midſt of plenty, and deprives himſelf, by his own imaginary apprehenſions of real bleſſings.

So perverſely diſpoſed are the minds of ſuch men, that, from the greateſt good, they can extract only the moſt tormenting evil.

Though avarice is a paſſion ſeldom found in the artleſs and undeſigning boſom of youth, yet it ſometimes diſcovers itſelf, from the earlieſt periods of life, and it's ſeeds ought to be carefully eradicated, before they become fixed and immoveable.

Sordidneſs cloſes the mind againſt the entrance of virtue, and blaſts every generous feeling of the heart: It likewiſe prevents the gentle affections ripening into action, and is a monſter of ſuch monopolizing power, that in a few years it will alienate the mind from the

the united claims of kindred and friendſhip: For when once gold is permitted to be the prevailing paſſion, it ſoon becomes the god of our idolatry, and all the tender connexions of life are diſplaced by this faſcinating propenſity of hoarding a heap of gilded earth, which we cannot carry with us beyond the grave, and which the ſordid mind renders uſeleſs, whilſt ſacrificing ſo much to obtain it.

If we have a ſufficiency to ſupply the craving wants of nature, and to purchaſe a few of thoſe indulgences which our taſte, inclination, or health, may render neceſſary to our comfort, we ought to be contented.—It is the duty of parents, and indeed of every member of ſociety, to confine, if poſſible, their expenditure to their income. If thoſe, who are following this prudent plan, meet with unavoidable misfortunes, they are juſtly entitled to our pity and aſſiſtance; whilſt the wretch, who locks up his gold, and merely for the ſake of accumulation, cloſes his

heart againſt the entrance of mercy and benevolence, deſerves no compaſſion, when he finds the wealth, to obtain which he has ſacrificed every tender claim, is the only friend he has upon earth.

The character of the miſer is in general ſo deteſtable, that it is impoſſible to contemplate it without feeling ſome degree of indignation: And it is natural to conclude, when Providence beſtows abundant riches on people of ſuch diſpoſitions, it is only to prove the ſlight eſtimation we ought to place on worldly wealth, and how little it contributes to the real happineſs of individuals. The truth of this obſervation we ſhall find no difficulty to realize, if we carefully obſerve the various miſeries entailed on the moſt affluent families, which neither rank nor ſplendour can alleviate, or from which gold can procure no relief. We likewiſe often ſee, that the ſordid propenſity to accumulate becomes its own puniſhment, and renders the pangs of death more painful and ſevere.

If

If riches could buy happineſs; if they could procure us an exemption from pain, or a furlough for an hundred years of uninterrupted felicity, and, at the end of that period, bribe death to ſteal us away, without any terrors at his approach, I ſhould not wonder that ſo many ſelfiſh mortals were found crawling and clinging to their favourite idol: But whilſt gold cannot do any one of theſe things, ſurely it might be made to turn to a much more uſeful account, than being locked up in cheſts of iron, and watched with the jealous and fearful eye of care. As we have recapitulated what it cannot do, to ſhew its real value, and reſtore it to its proper eſtimation, it will be but juſt to prove what it can do towards promoting the happineſs of ourſelves and others.

In the hands of the benevolent and humane, it is like manure to the barren ſoil:— It produces peace, by giving plenty; it cheers the orphan, and makes the widow's heart to ſing for joy: It opens the priſon's doors, and

lightens the dungeon's gloom: It gives welcome to the helpleſs ſtranger, and binds cloſer the bands of friendſhip, by proving its ſincerity: It endears the parent to the child, by the comforts his affection and prudence enable him to beſtow on his offspring:—It ſtrengthens the ties of fraternal affection, when the liberal hand is held out to relieve a brother in affliction. Wealth, thus employed, draws on a banker, who can never fail to anſwer ſuch demands with intereſt, whoſe reſources are placed on the confines of eternity, on a rock that will ſtand when this world ſhall paſs away, and when every man muſt produce the account of his actions, and riſe or fall, as his own ſtock of virtues may deſerve. Then alone will the true value of wealth be proved, and the ſordid and the baſe will vainly regret, they had not employed it in the offices of benevolence and humanity.

The following examples, taken from real life, cannot fail to ſhew the guilt and folly of

of extreme avarice, which, even in this life, generally proves its own puniſhment.

Mr. Thomas Charges, the noted miſer of Shropſhire, inherited a very good eſtate, which he run through in every ſpecies of extravagance, in a ſpace of time ſurpriſingly ſhort, but was ſtruck with ſo much remorſe at his conduct, and the near appearance of a gaol, that his diſpoſition took a ſudden turn, and he became, in the management of the ſhattered remnant of his fortune, the verieſt miſer that ever exiſted; he retired to a cottage on a hill, that overlooked the chief part of the eſtate he had ſold, and laid down a reſolution unalterably never to reſt till he had regained it. He lived upon nothing but refuſe; wore ſecond hand cloaths, old liveries, or any thing he could get cheap;—lent money all through the country, in ſmall ſums, at enormous intereſt; travelling on foot night and day, to find out farmers in diſtreſs to buy their cattle, which he drove to market.—Jobbed, traded, turned every

penny, and ſpent nothing. By degrees money collected, and he dealt in mortgages; found out young heirs to ſupply at extravagant intereſt. After this he became an attorney, and fleeced all that came into his hands;—lent money on his former eſtate, and then cried out, my buſineſs is done! and ſo he contrived that it ſhould, for he cheated the gentleman of more than a thouſand pounds, and regained the eſtate at the ſame time;—added to it almoſt every year, and ruined hundreds by his machinations and practices. It was remarked that nobody borrowed money of him, that did not rue it in a ſeries of miſery; and yet he lent with ſuch facility, that numbers were every day tempted. He ſet up claims, by diſtant relations, againſt half the eſtates in his neighbourhood; and after throwing their property into confuſion, and involving it in law, bought it cheap himſelf. In a word, by a ſeries of tranſactions, incredible to thoſe that did not know him, he amaſſed above two hundred thouſand pounds; and when in poſſeſſion of that im-

menſe fortune; ſpent no more, in all ſorts of perſonal and houſe expences, than ſixty two pounds a year.

Avarice, of all the paſſions, is the leaſt to be accounted for, as it precludes the miſer from all pleaſure but that of hoarding:—The prodigal, the gameſter, the ambitious, and the voluptuary, have ſomething to plead, by way of palliatives, for their inordinate affections to their reſpective objects and purſuits; but the miſer gratifies his paſſion at the expence of every conveniency, indulgence, or even neceſſary of life. He is aptly compared to the magpye, who hides gold, which he can make no uſe of.

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## A SINGULAR ACCOUNT OF A MISER.

M. de Vadille was the moſt remarkable man in Paris, both on account of his immenſe riches, and his extreme avarice. He lodged as high up as the roof would admit

him, to avoid noiſe or viſits, and maintained one poor old woman to attend him in his garret, allowing her only ſeven ſous per week, or a penny per diem. His uſual diet was bread and milk, and for indulgence, ſome ſour wine on a Sunday, on which day he conſtantly gave one farthing to the poor, being one ſhilling and a penny per annum, which he caſt up; and after his death, his extenſive charity amounted to forty-three ſhillings and fourpence. This prudent economiſt had been a magiſtrate, or officer, at Boulogne, from which obſcurity he was promoted to Paris, for the reputation of his wealth, which he lent upon undeniable ſecurity, in the public funds, not caring to truſt individuals with his life and ſoul. While a magiſtrate at Boulogne, he maintained himſelf, by taking upon him to be the milk taſter-general of the market; and from one to another, filled his belly, at no expence of his own, nor, doubtleſs, from any other principle.——When he had a call to Paris, knowing that ſtage vehicles

hicles were expenſive, he determined to go thither on foot; and, to avoid being robbed, he took care to export, with himſelf, neither more or leſs than the conſiderable ſum of three pence ſterling, to carry him one hundred and thirty miles; and, with the greateſt facility to execute his plan, he went in the quality of a poor prieſt, or mendicant, and no doubt gathered ſome few pence on the road, from ſuch pious and well-diſpoſed perſons who were ſtrangers to him.

The great value a miſer annexes to a farthing, will make us leſs ſurpriſed at the infinite attachment he muſt have to a guinea, of which it is the ſeed, growing, by gentle gradations, into pence, ſhillings, pounds, thouſands, and ten thouſands; which made this worthy connoiſſeur ſay, "Take care of the farthings, and the pence and ſhillings will take care of themſelves." Theſe femina of wealth may be compared to ſeconds of time, which generate years, centuries, and even eternity itſelf.

When

When he became exceſſive rich (being in the year 1785 worth ſeven or eight millions, which he begot or multiplied on the body of a ſingle ſhilling, from the age of ſixteen to the age of ſeventy-two) one day in ſummer he heard a woodman going by, at which ſeaſon the people at Paris ſtock themſelves with fuel for the winter; he agreed with him at the loweſt rate poſſible, but ſtole from the poor man ſeveral logs, with which he loaded himſelf to his ſecret hiding hole, and thus contracted, in that hot ſeaſon, a fever.—He then ſent, for the firſt time, for a ſurgeon to bleed him, who, aſking half a livre for the operation, was diſmiſſed; he then ſent for an apothecary, but he was as high in his demand; he then ſent for a poor barber, who undertook to open a vein for three pence a time, but ſays this worthy economiſt, friend, how often will it require to bleed? "Three times," ſaid he."—"And what quantity of blood do you intend to take?"—"About eight ounces each time," returned the barber."—"That will be nine-pence."—"Too much,

much, too much," ſays the old miſer;—"I have determined to go a cheaper way to work; take the whole quantity you deſign to take at three times, at one time, and that will ſave me ſixpence."

The barber expoſtulated with him on the dangerous conſequences that would enſue on taking ſo much away at once; but he inſiſting on it, he loſt twenty-four ounces of blood, and died in a few days, leaving his vaſt treaſures to the King, whom he made his ſole heir. Thus he contracted his diſorder, by pilfering, and his death by an unprecedented piece of parſimony.

Some years ago died, at a village near Reading, John Jackſon, aged ninety-three, and James Jackſon, aged eighty-ſeven.—Theſe two brothers were old batchelors, and afforded a ſtriking inſtance of the inſufficiency of wealth to create happineſs. Tho' theſe old men had been bleſſed with great riches, ever ſince they were twenty years of age,

age, they abſolutely denied themſelves the common neceſſaries of life, and lived in the village for fifty years as poor men, and often accepted of charity from rich perſons who reſided near them.—They never ſuffered any woman or man to come into their apartment (which was only one ſhabby room) they were both taken ill, and, after languiſhing alternately, they expired on the ſame day, within an hour of each other. It was computed, by their writings, that they died worth one hundred and fifty thouſand pounds.

Extraordinary will, made by a miſer in Ireland.—The words were:—"I give and bequeath to my ſiſter-in-law, Sarah Dennis, four old worſted ſtockings, which ſhe will find underneath my bed; to my nephew, Charles Macartney, two other pair of ſtockings, lying in the box where I keep my linen; to Lieutenant Johnſon, of his Majeſty's 5th regiment of foot, my only pair of white cotton ſtockings, and my old ſcarlet great coat; and to Hannah Bourke, my houſe keeper, in

in return for her long and faithful ſervices, my cracked earthen pitcher."

Hannah, in anger, told the other legatees, that ſhe reſigned to them her valuable ſhare of the property, and then retired. In equal rage, Charles kicked down the pitcher; and, as it broke, a multitude of guineas burſt out, and rolled along the floor. This fortunate diſcovery induced thoſe preſent to examine the ſtockings, which, to their great joy, were crammed with money.

The following lines were written a few years ſince, as grace after dinner, at the houſe of a miſer:

Thanks for this miracle! It is no leſs
Than finding manna in the wilderneſs;
In midſt of famine we have found relief,
And ſeen the wonder of a chine of beef:
Chimnies have ſmok'd, that never ſmok'd before,
And we have din'd where we ſhall dine no more.

I cannot close this subject without inserting a recent instance of such extreme penuriousness, as I believe never before occurred, and because I hope it will have sufficient weight to prevent any of my readers giving way to a passion, that of all others appears the least gratifying or excusable, and which cannot fail to be productive of its own punishment, in the mortifications it inflicts on its unhappy and despised votaries.

Some little time since, died at Pinner, in Middlesex, Daniel Dancer, Esq a man who quitted this earthly stage, not more remarkable for his worldly riches, than for his having lived in an apparent state of extreme poverty. Such was the eccentricity of his character, that, though scarcely allowing himself the common necessaries of life, he has left property to the amount of three thousand a year, to Lady Tempest and Captain Holmes. During his last sickness, Lady Tempest accidentally called upon him, and finding him lying up to the neck in an old sack,

ſack, even without a ſhirt, remonſtrated againſt the impropriety of ſuch a ſituation; when he replied, that having come into the world without a ſhirt, he was determined to go out of it in the ſame manner. She then requeſted him to have a pillow to raiſe his head, and he immediately deſired his old ſervant, named Griffiths, to bring him a truſs of hay for that purpoſe.

Whenever he had occaſion to obey the dictates of nature, he would rather walk two miles, than not aſſiſt in manuring his own land; nor did he ever afford his old horſe any more than two ſhoes for his fore fee, deeming thoſe for his hind feet an unneceſſary expence.

So perfectly penurious was he in his diſpoſition, that, rather than expend a penny, he frequently had recourſe to the pot liquor of Lady T——'s kitchen, of which he would ſwill ſo enormouſly, as to be obliged to roll himſelf upon the floor to ſleep.

His

His houſe, of which Captain Holmes is now in poſſeſſion, is a moſt miſerable building, and has not been repaired for half a century; though poor in external appearance, it has, however, been recently diſcovered to be immenſely rich within, Captain H. having, at different times, found large bowls filled with guineas and half guineas, and parcels of bank notes ſtuffed under the covers of old chairs.

He generally had his body girt with a hay band, to keep together his tattered garments; and the ſtockings he uſually wore had been ſo frequently darned and patched, that ſcarcely any of the original could be ſeen, but which, in dirty or cold weather, were thickly covered with ropes of hay, that ſerved as ſubſtitutes for boots. His whole garb, in ſhort, reſembled that of a miſerable mendicant, begging charity from door to door.

The

The trite adage, "What's bred in the bone, &c." was fully verified in this man, who ſeems to have been the principal branch of a *thrifty tree*, every ſcyon of which was of a ſimilar texture.

He inherited a conſiderable property by the death of a ſiſter, who exactly reſembled him in temper, and who, had ſhe lived in the dark ages of Gothic ſuperſtition, would probably have been miſtaken for a witch, and burnt at the ſtake in conſequence. She ſeldom quitted her obſcure reſidence, except on being rouſed by the noiſe of hunters and their hounds, when ſhe would ſally forth, armed with a pitch-fork, in order to check the progreſs of the intruders on her brother's grounds; on which occaſions, ſhe had more the appearance of a moving bundle of rags than of a human being.

Old Dancer, the moſt rigid diſciple of Mammon that ever exiſted, though he ſeldom diſcovered a predilection for any parti-

cular

cular tenets of religion, ſeemed to have had ſomewhat of the leaven of predeſtination in him; for, while his ſiſter lay upon her death bed, being importuned to call in medical aſſiſtance, he ſternly replied, "Why ſhould I waſte my money in wickedly endeavouring to counteract the will of Providence? If the old girl's time is come, the noſtrums of all the quacks in Chriſtendom cannot ſave her; and ſhe may as well die now as at any future period."

In fact, he had as little inclination to afford her any extra nouriſhment, as ſhe had to take it, both equally dreading the additional expence. Having come to London one day for the purpoſe of veſting two thouſand pounds in the funds, he was met near the Royal Exchange by a gentleman, who, taking him for a beggar, humanely ſlipped a penny into his hand, which the old man received with a degree of ſurpriſe; but inſtantly recollecting, "that every little helps," he pocketed the affront, and walked on.—

He

He was no admirer of the works of Galen, and looked upon all the gentlemen of the faculty as mere quacks, or, to uſe his own expreſſion, *Medical Tinkers*, who, in endeavouring to patch up *one* blemiſh in the human frame, never fail to make *ten*. This ſingularly parſimonious man never had more than one ſhirt at a time, which, being purchaſed at an old cloaths ſhop, ſeldom exceeded half a crown in price; nor did it ever, after falling into his poſſeſſion, undergo the operation of either waſhing or mending, but was doomed to perpetual ſlavery, till it dropped from his back in rags. Hence it may be naturally ſuppoſed, nor will it excite much wonder in any perſon's mind to be informed, that although Mr. Dancer ſeldom aſſociated with his neighbours, he was at all times attended by a *very numerous company*, whoſe *perſonal* attachment rendered mankind cautious of approaching him. Going one day to purchaſe an old ſhirt, the miſtreſs of the ſhop requeſted to know his price, that ſhe might ſuit him accordingly, when he replied,

replied, "As much under three ſhillings as poſſible."

A ſhirt was produced, for which, after repeated offers and refuſals, he at length agreed to give (as he ſaid) two ſhillings and nine-pence, grumbling at the extravagance of the price, being three-pence more than he had ever given before. He handed the woman three ſhillings, and waited for his change, which, however, ſhe refuſed to give him, alledging that he had aſked for a ſhirt at the price of the ſum received. Remonſtrance proving of no avail, Mr. Dancer preferred his complaint to one of the police offices, where he was adviſed, as his only remedy, to ſummon her to a court of conſcience; he did ſo; and was under the neceſſity of making two journies to town, to ſupport his claim, but, alas! ſuch is "*the glorious uncertainty of the law*," that, after a full hearing, the *poor old man* was nonſuited; ſo that, beſides loſing the original debt of three-pence, he incurred the expence of near five

five ſhillings, being the coſts of court; and, to add to his misfortune, the two journies had occaſioned him to expend three-pence more; for no man can ſuppoſe that a perſon of his age and wealth could travel, on foot, from Pinner to London, a diſtance of fifteen miles, and back the ſame day, without indulging himſelf with a penny worth of bread and cheeſe, and a halfpenny worth of ſmall beer.

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## EXTRAORDINARY INSTANCE OF THE SELF-PUNISHMENT OF AVARICE.

Monſieur F———, one of the farmer-generals of the province of Languedoc, under the old government, who had amaſſed conſiderable wealth, by grinding the poor within his province, either fearing that he ſhould be robbed, or inquiry made concerning his ill-gotten treaſure, reſolved to hide it in ſuch a manner as to eſcape the ſtricteſt examination. He accordingly dug a kind

of cave in his wine-cellar, which he made ſo wide and deep, that he uſed to go down to it with a ladder.—At the entrance, was a door with a ſpring lock upon it, which, on ſhutting, would faſten of itſelf. Some years ago Mr. F. was miſſing; diligent ſearch was made after him; the ponds were dragged, and every method human imagination could ſuggeſt, was taken for finding him, but all in vain. In a ſhort time after his houſe was ſold; and the purchaſer, beginning to make ſome alterations in it, the workmen diſcovered a door in the cellar, with a key in the lock, which he ordered to be opened, and, on going down, they found Mr. F. lying dead on the ground, with a candleſtick near him, but no candle in it, which he had eaten; and, on ſearching further, they found the immenſe ſtores of gold and ſilver which he had amaſſed. It is ſuppoſed that Mr. F. going into his cave, the door, by ſome accident, ſhut after him, and being out of the call of any perſon, he periſhed for the want of

food.

food. He had gnawed the fleſh off both his arms.

In order to enforce on the minds of my readers the guilt of avarice, and to ſhew them the puniſhment which it often entails on itſelf, I ſhall conclude this paper with reciting another inſtance of it, which, like the reſt, is taken from real life.

A few years back, died at her lodgings, near the Broadway, in Deptford, aged 69 years, Mrs. Mary Luhorne, relict of Captain Luhorne, formerly in the Eaſt India ſervice, who, for upwards of forty years, lived in Greenwich and Deptford in the moſt penurious manner.—She even denied herſelf every neceſſary of life, wearing clothes that would ſcarcely hide her nakedneſs, and thoſe covered with vermin; ſhe was not known to have any fire, or even lighted candle in her apartment, for fourteen years; neither to wear a ſhift or lie in a ſheet.——She frequently

went a begging on the high road, when ſhe went on buſineſs to London; and was alſo very light fingered, having been detected pilfering the moſt trifling things at divers times. It was ſuppoſed ſhe was taken ill, by her not being ſeen for two days, when a gentleman, at whoſe houſe ſhe lodged (as he could neither make her hear, or get into her apartment) with the advice of ſome friends, procured a perſon to get in at her window, and open her room door, where ſhe was found in bed ſpeechleſs, and in a miſerable ſituation; but, by immediate application of ſome nouriſhing medicine, her life was prolonged for ſome days.——Notwithſtanding her wretched way of life, on opening her drawers, cheſts, &c. by her relations, there were found, as is ſtrongly reported, ſecurities in the Bank, South Sea, Eaſt India, and other ſtocks, to the amount of 40,000l. and upwards, beſides jewels, plate, china; clothes of every kind, of the richeſt ſort; great quantities of the fineſt

ſilks,

silks, linen, velvets, &c. unmade to a very great value, besides a large sum of money. Her common wearing apparel were burned the same evening on a dung-hill, and her bedding, &c. thrown into the river, being so over-run by vermin, as to be unfit for any person's use.

## POLITICS.

Alas! what mean theſe clamours, loud and rude?
What agitates the headſtrong multitude?
Will ſuch rough claims on affluence or pride
Soften their hearts, their fertile farms divide?
Ordain'd to ſuffer from our very birth,
The ſentence reaches every ſon of earth.
Vainly we murmur at the chaſt'ning plan,
Or ſtrive to trace the ways of God to man.
Why, then, vain mortals, why this wild affright?
Know you not this, "whatever is—is right."
And whilſt you journey thro' life's devious way,
Evil and good are ſure as night and day.
But arm'd with fortitude, and free from pride,
Let reſignation be your friend and guide;
With patience bear the ill to you decreed;
Refrain your hands from every hoſtile deed:
Peace ſhall once more extend her bliſsful reign,
And ſmiling plenty follow in her train;
Labour again Contentment ſhall afford,
And induſtry obtain the plenteous board.

E. B.

POLITICS may now be conſidered as a ſcience that is ſtudied by all ranks of people.—Men, women, and even children, are

are all become politicians: And if we may judge from the clamours which have gone abroad, every ſhoe-maker or labourer thinks he could have managed the affairs of the nation much better than thoſe by whom they have been conducted. Such are the unjuſtifiable conſequences of diſcontent, when led by ignorance, or guided by art.

That we have ſuffered a temporary ſtagnation of trade, in ſome of its branches;—that we have more numerous taxes than our forefathers, and pay a higher price for the neceſſaries of life, I grant is true: But, on the other hand, by ſubmitting patiently to the unavoidable neceſſity of the times, we ſecure our lives and property, which would otherwiſe be wreſted from us by the hands of our foreign or internal enemies, who, having nothing but a worthleſs life to loſe, are eager to ſeize on the poſſeſſions of others.—By ſupporting peaceably the burthen of the day, we ſhall leſſen our diſtreſſes, and, by quietly yielding our mite, we ſhall, in the end, receive the reward of our loyalty and

fortitude; as it is not to be doubted but a peace will be eſtabliſhed, as ſoon as it is poſſible to procure one on a ſecure, honourable, and permanent foundation.

"Let every ſoul be ſubject unto the higher powers; for there is no power but of God: The powers that be are ordained of God:—For rulers are not terror to good works, but to evil."

Such was the advice of the apoſtle Paul to the Romans, and ſuch would have been his advice to the people of this kingdom, had he lived to this important period.

Without religion, no nation can proſper; that aboliſhed, as in France, all ties between man and man are held by ſo weak a thread, that every guſt of paſſion, every propenſity to do evil, will break it aſunder.

The unhappy miſguided people of the country we have juſt mentioned, once lived under

under an arbitrary government: Their lives and properties were ſubject to the will of their monarch, and ſometimes to the caprice of his favourites. Perhaps they had then reaſon to complain: But we, the true born ſons of freedom, have no ſuch hardſhips.—Our laws inflict no torture; no rack compels us to confeſs crimes we never committed; and we have no baſtile to encloſe us in its dreary manſions. We can ſerve our God in the form and manner we like the beſt.—The pooreſt peaſant amongſt us is as certain of having juſtice either in his perſon or his property, as the richeſt nobleman. In this land of genuine freedom, every honeſt farmer, every unaſpiring peaſant, is the happy potentate of his own little domain: He ſees, in perfect ſecurity, "his wife, as the fruitful vine upon the walls of his houſe, and his children, like olive branches, round about his table."

Carefully avoid becoming a member of any ſociety that is inimical to peace and good

order; or that has a tendency to diſloyalty, and never liſten to the fallacious arguments of diſcontented men, which tend to leſſen your regard, and undermine your attachment to a good and lawful ſovereign, whoſe exemplary conduct, in every character, has a juſt claim to reſpect, and whoſe virtues are entitled to praiſe. May his invaluable life long remain ſecure under the protection of Heaven, and guarded by the watchful love of a grateful people! A good King is the greateſt bleſſing that can be given to a nation; and accurſed muſt be the man who would wiſh to do him harm.

Thoſe diſpoſed to be diſcontented, are anxious to make others as wretched as themſelves. Nothing provokes me ſo much, as to hear people complaining of the hardſhips they endure, who have been raiſed from the alms-houſe to affluence, under the reign of a King they have inſulted, and under the protection of laws they wiſh to abuſe.

It

It has, however, long been the cuſtom to cry down preſent times. From various cauſes, theſe complaints have been founded, which reminds me of the following anecdote.

" An old man, complaining to King Agis of ſome infractions of the laws, exclaimed, " that all was loſt."

" That," replied Agis, ſmiling, " is ſo true, that I remember, when I was a boy, I heard my father ſay, when he was a boy, he heard my grand-father ſay, the ſame thing."

Many are heard to murmur at the burthen of taxes, and the dearneſs of proviſions, hardſhips which all nations endure with ourſelves. We ſhould likewiſe recollect, theſe taxes were brought upon us, by the neceſſity of defending our lives and properties. When threatened with an invaſion, ſhould we tamely ſtand inactive, or invite our foes to come and ſpread deſolation amongſt us? When our iſlands and plantations abroad are wreſting from us, ſhould

they be given up without conteſting our claims? Should the Engliſh flag, that honour to this nation, and terror to others, be inſulted with impunity, and our brave Britiſh tars prevented from hurling their thunder againſt the enemies of their country?—Had this been the caſe, the moſt diſcontented murmurer at the preſent proceedings of government would have been the loudeſt in exclaiming againſt ſuch daſtardly conduct. Let us then, one and all, ceaſe to complain of thoſe inconveniencies which the neceſſity of the times has enforced, and learn, from the following paper, how abſurd and ridiculous it is to ſtep out of our place, and act in a character not deſigned for us. Let us leave thoſe to rule the ſtate, whoſe ſituations are ſo connected with it, as to render their ſervices eſſentially neceſſary: Whilſt the man of buſineſs, content with reading the public papers, will quietly make his obſervations, return, with compoſure, to his occupation, and manage, like a good politician in economical matters, his family affairs.

Melancholy

Melancholy caſe of Mr. James Churchill, chairman and apothecary, dangerouſly afflicted with the raging diſtemper, called the MANIA POLITICE.

To TIMOTHY TICKLE, Esq.

SIR,

"Judging, by your late good advice to my unhappy maſter, that you are much his friend, I make bold to ſend you the following plain account of his ſymptoms and diſorder. The firſt appearance of a change in him was, that from a *plain-ſpoken, pains-taking* man, who was ſeldom out, except to viſit a patient, he began to loath the ſhop, and attend committees at unſeaſonable hours, would ſhake his head, make long ſpeeches, and, one night in particular, ſtriking his hand on his forehead with an air of wildneſs, ſaid, "James Churchill, James Churchill, thou art born to be as great a man as Samuel Adams, or John Hancock."

Soon

Soon after, he took from the ſhelves Jenty's Lectures, the London Diſpenſary, Cullen, and Weſley's Primitive Phyſic, and put up in their places a file of *Newſpapers*, the *Political Magazine*, *Harrington's Oceana*, and *Almon's Remembrancer*. In a little time after, a great alteration in him was perceived by us all; for inſtead of diachylon plaiſters, powders for the worms, or writing receipts for the tooth-ache, and expulſion of wind from the bowels, he began to draw up preſcriptions for deſtroying (I know not what) *Influence of the Crown*; to invent *Draughts to invigorate the Conſtitution*, and chymical preparations *to reſolve Government into its primitive principles*. We could underſtand him tolerably well, when he talked of *Oſtology and Newrology*; but he is now perfectly unintelligible to us all, with his Ochlocracy, Democracy, Ariſtocracy, and original contracts; learned words, which we can find in none of our *Medical Dictionaries*. It uſed to do our hearts good, formerly to ſee him, like a man of buſineſs, ſweating at the peſtle and

and mortar; ſpreading plaiſters, or mixing clyſters; but now, alas! his precious time is ſpent in poring over newſpapers, inventing and compounding addreſſes and petitions, or in compoſing political reſolutions.

"I cannot give you a ſtronger idea of the nature and violence of his diſorder, than by the following plain and minute deſcription of a ſcene which paſſed yeſterday morning in our ſhop; as there is ſcarcely a day in which we are not witneſſes to ſimilar tranſactions.

"A plain country gentleman ſtepped into the ſhop about ten, A. M. violently afflicted with the *tooth-ache*, when the following dialogue enſued:

*Stranger.*—"Sir, I've called in, wanting immediately a little *of your aid.*"

*Apoth.*—"I underſtand you, Sir.—What, I ſuppoſe to pen a ſmart vote or reſolution for

for a county committee! It ſhall be done inſtantly.—Be ſeated, Sir."

*Stranger.*—" Come, come, Sir, no delay! I want relief this moment; away with it;—'tis rotten to the core."

*Apoth.*—" Aye, aye, rotten enough, I warrant you; theſe d——d boroughs muſt be lopp'd off, and equal repreſentation reſtored, or a total depravation and corruption of the humours of the body-politic will enſue.—I'm for a radical cure, Sir."

*Stranger.*—" What the devil do you mean? Free me from my pain, or I'll go to another ſhop."

*Apoth.*—" Sir, I don't wonder at your pain.—I loſe all patience myſelf, when I think of the curſed rum contracts, the cargoes of ſour crout, and the northern alliance. What think you of the Jew's harps and razors for the Indians?"

*Stranger.*—

*Stranger.*—" Pox take you and your ſour crout; is the man mad; why don't you employ your pincers?"

*Apoth.*—" Are you for an *annual* or *triennial* remedy of the diſorder.—The beſt men differ on this caſe; Sir George Savile approves triennial, Mr. Cartwright the annual, and Mr. Burke rejects both."

*Stranger.*—" I don't care, for my part, what *remedy*, ſo it give me *immediate* relief."

*Apoth.*—" I think that the *tide of corruption* can only be ſtopped by another doſe of Runny Mead. You underſtand me."

*Boy.*—" I don't know, Sir, that we have any of that ſort of *mead* in the ſhop."

*Apoth.*—" Peace, you jackanapes, I mean another *bill of rights*."

*Boy.*—

*Boy.*—" Sir, *Sir*, have patience, and I'll copy out another bill of Wrights; though he promiſed to ſend the money for the bleeding and cataplaſms to-morrow."

*Apoth.*—" Impertinent varlet, if you utter another word, I'll throw the ſpunge at your head. Forgive this paſſion, Sir.—Make yourſelf eaſy.—But before we go to buſineſs, anſwer me one queſtion.—Did not the laſt *publication of our Committee* give you great ſatisfaction?"

*Stranger.*—" What was the ſubject of it? (Curſe this tooth) Was it a new invented elixir, or electrical cure for the gout, poiſon for the bugs, or a new tooth-powder?"

*Apoth.*—" Confuſion, Sir.—Where do you live? How long have you been in England? What! have you never heard of our infallible method (publiſhed by the Weſtminſter Committee) *to repair the Conſtitution?*"

*Stranger.*—

*Stranger.*—" Not I, upon my ſoul.—To tell you the truth, the papers are ſtuffed with *Quackery*, " Univerſal Catholicans," the " Pillula Salutifera," " Balſams of Life," " Never-failing Elixirs," " Temple of Veſtina, &c. &c. that we country folks never trouble our heads with medical advertiſements."

*Apoth.*—" What! do you mean to ſneer at our reſolutions on account of my profeſſion? Politics and phyſic, Sir, have a cloſe and natural connexion; and I'll have you, and this obſtinate town to know, notwithſtanding your deriſion, that James Churchill, CHAIRMAN and APOTHECARY, can act the LEGISLATOR, as well as adminiſter a clyſter.—Sir, the great Ariſtotle *diſſected*, and wrote treatiſes on government; and while I ſtand here, with a preſcription for the cholic in my left hand, and my reſolutions as Chairman of the Committee in my right, methinks I reſemble that great man, who, it is probable, often ſtood with his *political inſtruc-*

*tions*

*tions* before him, for his pupil Alexander, and with his deſcription of the anatomy of the human body under his arm. Here, Richard—Betty, fetch me my plan for aboliſhing penſions and ſinecures, that I may read it to this gentleman."

*Boy.*—" Sir, was it in the white gallipot on the ſhelf? Nicholas, I am afraid, wrap'd up a doſe of opiates in it this morning, which were ſent to Sir Fletcher."

*Apoth.*—" Illiterate blockhead—ſenſeleſs blunderer; but no matter; Sir Fletcher will ſend it back with thanks.—This it is, for a man of genius to be chained to the drudgery of his buſineſs."

*Stranger.*—" The poor fellow's head is certainly turned by politics.—Curſe on his vanity; I'll run to ſome other tooth-drawer."

" The above, Sir, is a plain and faithful narrative of my poor maſter's melancholy caſe.

caſe. I requeſt, therefore, Mr. Tickle, that you will give him ſome farther wholeſome advice, which will oblige

" Your humble ſervant,

" PETER POTION."

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## A CURIOUS METHOD OF ROBBING A CHURCH, WITH AN INFALLIBLE CURE FOR REBELLION.

Don John de Padilla, a Spaniſh nobleman of great wealth, ſupported courageouſly the cauſe of the revolters againſt Charles the Fifth, his ſovereign, who had abridged the long eſtabliſhed privileges of the Cortez, or Parliament of Caſtile. In the proceſs of the war, the ſucceſs of Charles reduced the revolters to great extremities; and Donna Maria, the wife of Don Padilla, one of the moſt noble and virtuous ladies in all Spain, being, at the inſtigation of her huſband, very zealous for the cauſe of liberty, in order to raiſe money to pay his ſoldiers, and prevent their

their deſertion, contrived a plot to rob the church of Toledo of all the gold and ſilver preſented to the images and relics. But, however, ſhe managed the theft with great decency, and with a holy and devout ceremony; for ſhe entered the church on her knees, with her hands joined, and covered with a black veil; then, with a ſad and mournful accent, ſhe beat her breaſt, ſighed piteouſly, and wept bitterly. All the while, two great flambeaux were carried before her. When this devout lady had pillaged the ſhrine and ancient ſacred repoſitory, ſhe returned with the ſame ſolemn proceſſion and ceremony. It is thus a perſon of high birth and ſublime ſenſe could brave Heaven and earth, while her fond ſuperſtition ridiculouſly thought to reconcile them with her private intereſts and paſſions. But an honeſt curate, of the ſame party, ſhewed what human nature is, without art, or the leaſt diſguiſe.—He had taken it into his head to eſpouſe this ſame cauſe of revolt to that degree, that he never failed, on the Sunday, to recommend,

mend, from the pulpit, a pater-noſter, and ave-maria, for Don John Padilla and his noble wife, and another of each for the holy ſedition and revolt. Fortune would have it, that, in the midſt of the curate's flaming zeal for the cauſe, that ſome troops of Padilla, paſſing through his village, eat up all his family of poultry, with his whole proviſion of bacon; and, what was worſe than all, carried off his favourite houſe-keeper.

The Sunday after, he related all the hardſhips and damages from the pulpit, which he had ſuffered from his old friends, and, above all, with bitter lamentations, he told them how they had inveigled away poor Catherine, and for this he gave them all to the devil, deſiring his pariſhioners to join with him in his pious wiſhes againſt wretches who were ſeditious rebels to their lawful ſovereign, whom God had placed over them.

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ATHE-

## ATHEISM.

An Atheiſt! mark his agitated mien:
He dreads a ſummons from this mortal ſcene.
To earth alone his proſpects are confin'd,
No diſtant hopes can cheer his gloomy mind.
When pain and ſickneſs come, if left alone,
To purchaſe one ſhort year he'd give a throne.
He that defies his God thinks vice no evil,
In every harmleſs inſect ſees a devil,
And as he wanders cheerleſs round his houſe,
Starts if he hear the ruſtling of a mouſe.
Amidſt the gloom ſpread o'er his deſert mind
No ſoothing conſolation can he find.
Alas! what peace can e'er attend the man,
Who dares to contradict his Saviour's plan?
He who denies the ſacred Name of God,
In death will ſhudder at his chaſtening rod:
And when at laſt the ſolemn trump he hears,
And ſtarting from the grave renews his fears;
Then would he gladly ſeek the mountain's brow,
Or ſink unnoticed to the ſhades below,

Rather

Rather than meet his Maker face to face,
And hear the ſentence of his own diſgrace:
If you would ſhun the path of endleſs care,
To unbelievers never lend an ear:
They with pernicious poiſon would deſtroy
The only ſource of comfort and of joy,
Rob you of that ſweet hope which gives relief
To death's keen pangs, and every earthly grief.

E. B.

SURELY of all ſelf-devoted fools the unbeliever is the moſt deluded, the moſt blinded to his preſent and future intereſt. But it cannot be, I ſcarcely can think it poſſible that there ever was a mortal who ſeriouſly doubted the exiſtence of a God. Some ambitious enterpriſe or diabolical purpoſe, ſome evil or aſpiring deſign, formed in the minds of abandoned men, tempted them to ſend doctrines into the world, which could only ſerve to render it a ſcene of anarchy and miſery, and to deſtroy the peace of thouſands, by depriving them of the glorious, the animating hope of a bliſsful immortality, doctrines con-

trived by the wicked, in order to ſet others as wicked as themſelves, free from the reſtraints of conſcience and religion, that they might become human monſters, break through every tie of reaſon and nature, and in the end, wade, perhaps, through ſeas of blood, to accompliſh any project of ambition and cruelty, or to ſatisfy the depravity of their natures. Alas! we have lived to ſee theſe ſoul-rending truths too fatally realized, and the children yet unborn will have abundant cauſe to regret that a wretch like the Atheiſt ever exiſted.

Without the gentle reſtraints of religion and philanthropy it were better man had never been made: endued with ſtronger perceptions of ſenſe than any other animal, an epicure in the indulgence of his appetites, when once he is tempted to conſider himſelf no longer as an immortal or accountable being, and this life his only ſtate of exiſtence, it is not to be imagined that he will controul thoſe paſſions which he

feels a pleaſure in gratifying, or ſtop at any tranſaction, however atrocious, which would forward the attainment of his deſires.

If there ſhould be any take up this volume who are ſo unfortunate as to doubt the exiſtence of a God, and the ſuperintending care of that Almighty Being who formed the Univerſe, and has through ſo many ages conducted the whole of its perfect ſyſtem with unerring wiſdom, I would earneſtly recommend them to peruſe the Sermons written by the late reverend George Carr, the firſt of which, I think, no one could read without feeling the ſoul-reviving truths it ſo ſimply and clearly elucidates, not only from the Sacred Writings, but the intereſting and wonderful works of nature, to which every obſerving eye muſt bear teſtimony, and every grateful heart acknowledge. — The ſuperior hand of a Divine Architect appears in all around us; we ſee him not only in the ſtars which glitter in the firmament of Heaven, but in the peb-

bles dug from the loweſt depths of the earth; we ſee him in the vaſt expanſe of waters, and may trace him through the boundleſs confines of infinite ſpace! How wretched, how deſolate, muſt be the mind of that being, who, blinded by ſophiſtry, and miſled by the pernicious doctrine of unbelievers, denies the ſuperintending Providence of that Almighty Parent, without whoſe protection man were poor, helpleſs, and inſignificant. By cheriſhing doubts of his own immortality, he not only robs his preſent ſtate of its higheſt value, but reduces the dignity of his nature beneath that of the beaſts of the field. He might as well deny the exiſtence of genius, ſight and feeling, or attempt to make us believe that palaces and cottages were formed without the direction of the architect, or the hand of the labourer; that painting was not an art, but the mere effects of chance, and that the likeneſs ſeen in a portrait, or the flowers beheld on the canvaſs,

vaſs, appeared without having had a hand to trace them out.

If the doctrines of the Atheiſt, derogatory to the dignity of our nature, and inimical to our real happineſs, are ſuffered to prevail, we ſhall all (I mean as to the affairs of this life) find abundant reaſon to wiſh we had never been called into exiſtence; but I hope the great, the benignant Being who created us, will ſtretch forth his correcting hand, and prevent the deſigns of wicked men, that he will convert them as he did St. Paul, and that every unbeliever may be compelled, by the inviſible monitions of conſcience, to correct the evil he may have occaſioned, by a public recantation of his error.

The miſguided adverſaries of Religion, the daring inſulters of the God who formed them, whilſt they excite contempt and awaken horror, are entitled to commiſeration; for ſurely they are of all creatures the

moſt miſerable. In the moment of affliction, in the hour of death, what will comfort and ſupport them? With a conſcience at war with itſelf, and ſelf-condemned, how can they apply to the God they have denied? From the world they cannot expect compaſſion, becauſe in the world they have ſpread miſery and contention. Thus ſituated, they would (and it is a truth beyond a doubt) be glad to exchange their exiſtence for that of the moſt loathſome reptile that crawls upon the earth, from the ſelf-conviction that no reptile was ſo vile, ſo loathſome, or contemptible, as themſelves.

——————— Atheiſt, uſe thine eyes,
And having viewed the order of the ſkies,
Think, if thou canſt, that matter blindly hurl'd,
Without a guide, ſhould form this wond'rous world!

CREECH.

## INTEMPERANCE.

## INTEMPERANCE IN DRINKING.

That bloated figure, with bepurpled noſe,
Proclaims to every one his ſelf-earned woes:
In each diſtended feature you may trace
The riſe and progreſs of his own diſgrace:
The ſhaking head, the weak, unſteady hand,
Too plainly ſhew his actions contraband.
Endowed with reaſon, which he pawns for drink,
He drowns his ſenſes that he may not think.
Let learn'd philoſophers ſay all they can,
What is ſo inconſiſtent found as man!
Good God! that mortals dare thy mercy truſt,
To pardon vices which themſelves diſguſt.
What arms the ſatiriſt with the ſatire's rod,
To vengeance may provoke an angry God.
Oh! then, ye moraliſts, no longer doze,
No longer lull our vices to repoſe:
Awake our feelings, cut, and hack, and ſlice,
Attack, as man, each bold, prevailing vice;

Diſſect, examine, analyze it well,
Expoſe the cheat, remove the fatal ſpell,
Mankind perſuade to yield the tempting bowl,
Before its poiſoned dregs unnerve the ſoul.

E. B.

IF vice, in every ſhape it aſſumes, could be ſtripped of falſe diſguiſes, it would appear ugly and deteſtable: This, which cannot be diſguiſed, has a claim to the ſevereſt cenſure, attended as it is by ſuch a train of mortifying accompaniments, ſuch unavoidable dangers, it ſeems impoſſible that a man, really in his ſenſes, would ſit down, and, by way of frolic, voluntarily take the poiſon which renders them uſeleſs; and yet we frequently ſee that, obſtinate in evil, he will ſubject himſelf to the moſt degrading humiliations, and run the riſk of depriving himſelf of his beſt friends by his own rude and intemperate ſallies when in a ſtate of inebriety, rather than leave off a habit injurious to his health, and deſtructive not only of his own happineſs, but that of every one

one who is unfortunately connected with him.

The Spartans were inſpired with a rooted averſion for drunkenneſs. The following anſwer was given by one of them to a perſon who aſked him why he was ſo moderate in the uſe of wine? "That I may never ſtand in need of the reaſon of another."

It would be greatly to the honour and advantage of the inhabitants of this kingdom if they would reſolutely obſerve the ſame prudent conduct; but from the duke to the eſquire, the merchant to the farmer, the tradeſman to the labourer, we frequently ſee the fatal effects, and lament the conſequences of this deteſtable vice.

Could any man, on whom liquor operates to the total perverſion of nature and temper, ſee himſelf fairly repreſented after he had permitted his ſenſes to yield to this temporary madneſs, he would ſtart at a

portrait ſo deformed and beaſtly, and it would be difficult to make him believe that it was delineated by the hand of truth.

How often, from the baneful effects of intemperance, do we ſee the domeſtic peace of families entirely deſtroyed, the ſacred bands of friendſhip broken aſunder, and all the ſweets of induſtry diſſipated! Shun it then with as much caution as you would the brink of a precipice from which there could be no eſcape.

Nor are theſe its only bad conſequences; there are ſtill unnumbered miſeries which this vice cannot fail to create. When practiſed by the man of buſineſs, it muſt neceſſarily throw all his affairs into confuſion: a night of intemperance occaſions a day of idleneſs, and an aching head is but a bad companion to the accompting-houſe or ſhop; by frequently renewing theſe nocturnal ſcenes of riot, the health is deſtroyed, the

the circumſtances deranged, and the temper ſoured.

The unfortunate female, whoſe unhappy lot it is to be united to a drunkard, had better have ſunk into the grave than given him her hand in marriage. If at times we have, as indifferent ſpectators, been ſhocked and diſguſted at ſeeing the evil effects which a love of the bottle will produce in a neighbour or a friend, how much more terrible muſt it be to a delicate and virtuous woman to ſee her huſband, the man of her choice, the object of her tendereſt regard, the partner of her cares, the father of her children, brought home, perhaps, in a ſtate ſo helpleſs, that, but for the attentive care of others, he might have been a contemptible or ridiculous ſpectacle to the prying eye of cenſure or curioſity, or have periſhed by the way, in equal danger of loſing his eternal as well as his mortal happineſs. — Thoſe only who have experienced the tormenting ſenſations that ſuch trials inflict

upon the mind can imagine the gloomy fears with which they are attended, fears that, in theſe fits of voluntary frenzy, they may, by ſome act of imprudence, be involved with a helpleſs family in irretrievable ruin and diſtreſs; we cannot wonder, if unable to reclaim their huſbands from folly, they ſink into indifference, or fall into error.

Would any man ſit down to reflect ſeriouſly on the unguarded actions he has committed, and the dangers to which he has expoſed himſelf by giving way to this pernicious habit, I ſhould hope it would prevent his running into temptation in future, and convince him of the injuſtice of bringing thoſe into diſtreſs whom it is his duty, as a Chriſtian, and his intereſt as a man, to render happy, and make him tremble at the idea of diſpoſſeſſing himſelf of reaſon, and leaving it in the power of an unbridled tongue to wound his deareſt friend, and involve his family in ruin.

If

If this vice be ſo deteſtable in men, of which none, I think, can cheriſh a doubt, how much more ſo is it in a ſex peculiarly formed to add grace and dignity to every gentle virtue! On that thought I cannot dwell; it would tempt the ſevereſt ſatiriſt to ſhed a tear over thoſe, who, by practiſing it, diſgrace the female character, which ought only to excite love, tenderneſs, admiration and eſteem.

*Label for a Gin, Brandy, or Rum Bottle.*

"When fam'd Pandora to the clouds withdrew,
"From her dire box unnumber'd evils flew;
"No leſs a curſe this vehicle contains,
"Fire to the mind, and poiſon to the veins."

DIVORCE.

## DIVORCE.

The houſe I fly, impelled by wild deſpair,
As if my griefs can only find me there.
Loſt to the world, through lonely fields I rove;
Vain wiſh to fly from deſtiny and love.

BLACKLOCK.

Like the firſt wretched pair, expell'd their Paradiſe,
Let's find ſome place where adders reſt in winter,
Loathſome and venomous; where poiſons hang,
And live up to the height of deſperation.

OTWAY.

THE increaſing buſineſs at Doctor's Commons, to ſeparate thoſe whom the laws of God and man have united, is one amongſt the many evils which pleaſure and unbounded diſſipation have introduced into this country; and the effects of this unhappy privilege will be felt by many yet unborn. Alas!

Alas! that people ſhould ever grow ſo hardened in guilt, ſo blind to every ſenſe of probity and ſhame, as to break through engagements made before the altar of their God.

Whenever a matter of this kind is carried to ſuch unwarrantable lengths, in all probability the blame, in ſome inſtances, may be mutual: But who is there, even in a court of juſtice, that can pretend to pronounce, with any certainty, unleſs the moſt glaring proofs of depravity can be produced againſt one of the parties? That this too frequently happens, I am ſorry truth compels me to allow. The great latitude which is given to the indulgence of pleaſure, and the early introduction of the youth of both ſexes to all places of faſhionable reſort, are, in my opinion, reaſons for that levity of conduct, which of late has been too prevailing amongſt all ranks of people. The unbounded extravagance, and too frequent indecency of dreſs, are likewiſe other cauſes; for when a young woman, in compliance with faſhion, can

can expoſe thoſe beauties which delicacy and modeſty ſhould teach her to conceal, it cannot be a matter of ſurpriſe, if ſhe very ſoon is tempted to diſpoſe of them to the beſt bidder. The trappings of faſhion are often dangerous lures; and, when once they become neceſſary to the gratification of pride and vanity, generally lead to the deſtruction of character and happineſs. Many, it is well known, have fallen victims to late hours, hot and crowded rooms, and the numberleſs inconveniences attending a perpetual whirl of public amuſements, which imperceptibly undermine the conſtitution, before it has acquired its priſtine ſtrength.

To this is alſo owing the number of painted faces; art being thought neceſſary, by the young and vain, to conceal the unbecoming paleneſs of langour and ſickneſs. To this is owing the number of puny children brought into the world to linger a few years, and then to die in a decline. To this, in a great meaſure, may we attribute that continued

nued ſucceſſion of divorces, the degrading particulars of which fill ſo many columns of our daily and weekly papers, which, by being ſo frequently recited, are read with diſguſt by few, and with indifference by many.—Alas, if this ſpecies of depravity be continued, marriage will be conſidered as a mere convenient ceremony; and, if it can be ſhaken off at pleaſure, inſtead of tending to the ſecurity of happineſs, will be made a convenient cloak for the deteſtable gratification of paſſion.

Whilſt the two ſexes are thus enabled to obtain their freedom, it is not likely that either party will be over anxious to oblige, or to ſacrifice their own wiſhes to thoſe of the other. Even the feelings of the parent are too often loſt, in the more prevailing influence, which the love of admiration and pleaſure retains over the giddy and unthinking mind of youth, or the pernicious propenſities of the diſſipated and depraved;—

and

and the helpleſs children of ſuch unnatural parents, doomed to ſuffer for crimes, of which they are innocent, are totally neglected, or educated in principles which can only ſerve to render their lives wretched, and their deaths miſerable.

DUEL-

## DUELLING.

Man is to man the ſureſt ſoreſt ill;
A previous blaſt foretells the riſing ſtorm;
O'erwhelming turrets threaten ere they fall;
Volcanos bellow ere they diſembogue;
Earth trembles ere her yawning jaws devour;
And ſmoak betrays the wide conſuming fire!
Ruin from man is moſt conceal'd, when near,
And ſends the dreadful tidings in the blow.

YOUNG.

THE frequency of duelling, which is often ſo dreadful in its effects, calls loudly for redreſs, which the legiſlature might eaſily ſettle, ſo as to prevent the repeated tragedies that are the conſequences of this faſhionable way of terminating diſputes.

A quarrel at the gaming-table muſt, in theſe days of modern refinement, be ſettled with

with piſtols. If a wife is diſcovered intriguing with her huſband's friend, the law is not ſufficient; the injured huſband muſt not only be plundered of his happineſs, but he muſt likewiſe riſk his life, in calling out his unprincipled and deſpicable rival to the field of honour, in order to have a ball, perhaps, ſent through his heart, which had before received an incurable wound. The baſeſt ſlanderer, with undaunted front, will likewiſe demand the ſame ſatisfaction, if he be detected in his infamous practice, of injuring his neighbour's character. The betrayer of ſpotleſs innocence is permitted to meet the brother of the unhappy woman he has ruined, and, by this means, is ſuppoſed to have acted honourably; though it ſometimes happens, that the brother's death follows the ſeduction of the ſiſter. If, in the hours of convivial intemperance, one man ſhould be mad enough to give another a challenge, the party ſo called upon muſt not decline the conteſt, leſt he be branded with the deſpicable name of coward; particularly

ly if he have a commiſſion in the army, leſt that commiſſion (perhaps his only dependence) ſhould be taken from him; and yet theſe kind of rencontres are called honourable. Methinks they are entitled to a name far different, and that the deliberate actors in them ſhould be branded with the title of murderers, and ſuffer the utmoſt ſeverity the laws could inflict: For what but murder can ſuch premeditated plans, to deſtroy our fellow-creatures, be juſtly called?

In times like the preſent, when almoſt the whole world is in arms, thoſe who are in the humour to fight, may indulge their inclination, without attacking their neighbours and friends. Let them ſtep forth in behalf of their country, and, in contending with its enemies, prove, in the field of battle, their courage, intrepidity, and honour!

I own, if I had the management of theſe matters, and was permitted to form laws, one of them ſhould be, that every man, who killed

killed his adverſary in a duel, ſhould ſuffer as a murderer, and when both ſurvived, they ſhould be obliged to ſerve in the army a certain number of years as common ſoldiers. I think it may be of ſome ſervice to preſent my readers with the following preſcription of Guſtavus Adolphus, to prevent duelling:— In one of his German campaigns, when the irrational practice of duelling roſe to a conſiderable height in the Swediſh army, not only among perſons of rank and faſhion, but even amongſt common ſoldiers, this prince publiſhed a ſevere edict, and denounced death againſt every delinquent. Soon after, a quarrel aroſe between two officers of very high command, and, as they knew the King's firmneſs in preſerving his word inviolably, they agreed to requeſt an audience, and beſought his permiſſion to decide the affair like men of honour. His Majeſty took fire at the indignity, but repreſſed his paſſion with ſuch art, as they eaſily miſtook his meaning. Of courſe, with ſome reluctance, but under an appearance of pitying brave men, who thought

thought their reputation injured, he told them, that he blamed them much for their miſtaken notions concerning fame and glory; yet, as this unreaſonable determination appeared to be the reſult of deliberate reflection to the beſt of their deluded capacity, he would indulge them in deciding the buſineſs in the moſt agreeable manner, to their own minds, in the time and place ſpecified; and gentlemen, ſaid he, I will be an eye-witneſs myſelf of your extraordinary valour and proweſs. Guſtavus, with his accuſtomed punctuality, arrived at the hour appointed, accompanied by a ſmall body of infantry, whom he formed into a circle round the combatants.—"Now," ſays he, "fight till one man dies;" and calling the executioner of the army to him, or the provoſt marſhal, as the language then ran, "Friend," added he, "the inſtant one man is killed, behead the other, before my eyes."

Aſtoniſhed and confounded by the reſolution of the monarch, the two generals, after pauſing

pauſing a moment, fell down on their knees, and aſked the King's forgiveneſs, who made them embrace each other, and exchange their promiſe to continue faithful friends to their laſt moments, which they did with ſincerity and gratitude.

## GAMING.

That ſallow figure, with deſigning mien,
What changes in his worthleſs life are ſeen!
To day, with glee, he counts his thouſands o'er;
To morrow finds him, as a link-boy, poor.
Such is the gameſter's life, ſo fly his hours,
'Midſt penury's chill wants, or golden ſhow'rs.
His time, his talents, all his earthly joys
One ruling paſſion, like a wolf, deſtroys.
Chain'd to this vice, like the poor ſlave, he toils,
In various miſeries his life embroils.
To alter nature's plan is his delight,
And change the night to day, the day to night.
With character deteſted, credit loſt,
He's dreaded, like the cold untimely froſt,
That blaſts the proſpects of the faireſt day,
And ſpreads deſtruction in its pathleſs way.

E. E.

GAMING is undoubtedly, of all vices, the moſt unſatisfactory and contemptible, becauſe there can be no real enjoyment

in the practice of it, and no excuſe for voluntarily riſking a fortune amongſt profligates and ſharpers, who, on their parts, have nothing to loſe, and who laugh at the folly of thoſe they ruin, whilſt they revel on the ſpoils wantonly thrown in their power. Can the man, who has reduced his wife or children to beggary, by ſquandering the property to which they had an equal claim with himſelf, in the indulgence of this ruinous paſſion, ever look at them without feeling a ſecret reproach from his own conſcience?

Card playing is, at beſt, a futile and unſatisfactory amuſement; and even when people play for the moſt trifling ſtake, it often awakens unbecoming paſſions, and is productive of ſuch inſtantaneous changes in the temper, as to render the party very uncomfortable to each other. Strange and unaccountable as it is, this weakneſs is frequently ſhewn by thoſe whoſe minds are generous and benevolent, and who would give, with alacrity, to any fellow-creature in diſtreſs, double

double the ſum they voluntarily ſtake for their own amuſement, and part with ſo rudely and reluctantly.

Yet, as the cuſtom of playing at cards is ſo authoriſed by faſhion, and ſo generally introduced amongſt private parties, it would look both faſtidious and ſingular, not to conform ourſelves, at times, to the humour of others; but to render this amuſement innocent and pleaſant, every one ſhould make a reſolution in their own minds not to bet, play high, or run the riſk of loſing more than they can ſpare, with convenience and indifference, and never to ſuffer it to make any alteration in their tempers. Ought we to complain of that as a hardſhip or misfortune, which is our voluntary choice? Or can we ſuppoſe, that perpetually telling our companions a long hiſtory of our loſſes, will either entertain them, or excite their compaſſion? It only ſerves to render that a pain which we ſeek as an amuſement, and which, however frivolous in itſelf, under the above-

mentioned reſtrictions, agreeably helps in large parties, to fill up thoſe intervals of converſation which muſt frequently occur.

But, conſidering this as an innocent muſement, too much time ought not to be waſted in the indulgence of it, and no duty neglected, leſt it become a matter of ſerious inconvenience.

Gaming (the ſubject from which we have deviated) is ſo dangerous and dreadful in its effects, that it may juſtly be compared to the ſtorm, or the torrent, which deſtroys every thing in its way, and lays waſte the moſt flattering proſpect. Too often the unhappy wretch, who has been ſtripped of his property at the gaming table, unwilling to meet his deareſt connexions, unable to bear their reproaches, or witneſs their diſtreſs, will madly ruſh into the preſence of his Maker, who, unleſs he has more mercy on the deſpairing maniac than he has ſhewn to himſelf, muſt doom him to everlaſting miſery.—Poverty,

verty, loſs of character, time, and property, are in general the evil conſequences which attend a life, whoſe hours have been ſacrificed at the gaming-table. And, what is ſtill more unpardonable, and painful to recite, ſo intemperate and indecent are many, as to abuſe the Sabbath day, by ſpending it with a pack of cards in their hands, and, inſtead of that compoſure and piety which ſhould occupy their minds at a time ſet apart for the ſervice of their God, their tongues are frequently heard to utter the moſt horrid execrations, either in curſing their ill fortune, or in exulting over their diſappointed adverſaries. Such men as theſe are a diſgrace to Chriſtianity, a reproach to their name and nature. I have frequently thought, that the unpardonable neglect of the Sabbath day, which I fear is become but too prevalent, has been the ſource of the various evils, of which we hear ſo many loudly complain. Surely, then, thoſe amongſt the higher ranks of life ſhould, by their example, endeavour to inſtil into the crowd a proper reſpect for

it; and, by the ſtrict obſervance of it themſelves, excite others to the performance of their duty.

Whether the readers of this little eſſay attend to or diſregard the admonitions of its writer, they may be aſſured, that no vice, and particularly this of gaming, can be practiſed without being followed by certain miſery: That virtue is ever attended by peace and comfort, and that religion, pure in its doctrines, and animating in its proſpects, will not only reward its votaries, but even reform the mind, which has been debaſed by its deviation from rectitude, and when it is properly chaſtened by repentance, will reſtore it to dignity and happineſs.

The following paper will, I truſt, give additional weight to what has been already ſaid on this ſubject:

"The moſt pernicious and ſcandalous practice which the female world have fallen into is

is gaming. Notwithſtanding ſuch an ocean of dangerous conſequences which attend it, yet our faſhionable ladies, and thoſe in the bon-ton, particularly diſtinguiſh themſelves, by following it with ſuch aſſiduity, and to ſuch exceſs, that, could we have any communication into the minds of thoſe female gameſters, we ſhould find them full of nothing but trumps and matadores; and were it poſſible to dive into the ſecrets of their ſlumbers, we ſhould find them haunted by no other order than kings, queens, and knaves. The day is irkſome to them; every minute lays a heavy burthen on them, till the ſeaſon of gaming returns, which, when attained, how wretchedly are their faculties employed? In how deſpicable a manner half a dozen hours, or more, paſs away in a continual round of ſhuffling, cutting, dealing, and ſorting out a pack of cards? And no other ideas to be diſcovered in a ſoul, which ſhould call itſelf rational, excepting ſmall ſquare figures of painted and ſpotted paper. With ſubmiſſion I would aſk thoſe ladies,

whether our underſtanding (which is the divine part of our compoſition) was given us for ſuch an infamous uſe? Is it thus that we improve the greateſt talent human nature is poſſeſſed of? What would a ſuperior being think, were he ſhewn this intellectual faculty in a female gameſter, and at the ſame time told it was by this ſhe was diſtinguiſhed from brutes, and allied to angels? Who can conſider, without a ſecret indignation, that all thoſe affections of the mind, which ſhould be conſecrated to their children, huſband, and parents, thus vily proſtituted and laviſhed away, upon a game at loo, while the huſband, and all the family, are neglected and made unhappy? She takes no manner of delight in the innocent endearments of a domeſtic life; ſhe has a greater regard for pam than her huſband, who is obliged, if he would enjoy her converſation, to linger out the ſilent hours, which ſhould be devoted to reſt, in a miſerable ſtate of impatience, for her coming home. If ſhe has been a loſer, ſhe is angry with every perſon about her; diſpleaſed with

every

every thing her husband says or does, and in reality, for no other reason but because she has been squandering his estate. What charming companions for life are such women? Have we reason to be surprised, that the present age is so depraved, and abounds with such multitudes of worthless and effeminate coxcombs, when they have such unthinking mothers? What other race of mortals can be expected from women of such a turn? There is a kind of apothegm, that which corrupts the soul, decays the body;—the beauties of the face and mind are generally destroyed by the same means. This consideration should have a particular weight with the female world, who were designed to please the eye by nature, not by art. There are no greater enemies to a beautiful face, than the vigils of the card-table, and those cutting passions which naturally attend them. Hollow eyes, haggard looks, and pale complexions, are the unbecoming indications of those female worthies. Many a woman of quality have I seen glide by me, in her chair,

at three o'clock in the morning, half dead, appearing like a ſpectre, ſurrounded by a glare of flambeaux. There is no chance for a thorough paced gameſter to preſerve her natural beauty two winters ſucceſſively.—Notwithſtanding the hazardous and dangerous conſequences which I have ſtated, and which undoubtedly prove, that gaming is of a bad tendency, there is ſtill one worſe than the reſt, in which the body is more endangered than merely by the loſs of beauty.—All play debts are falſely ſtiled debts of honour, and muſt be diſcharged in ſpecie, or by an equivalent. The man who plays beyond his income, pawns his eſtate; the woman muſt find out ſomething to mortgage, when her pin-money is drained; and what reſource muſt ſhe go to? The creditor is importunate; her ſpirit, ſoftened from its wonted vigour, yields her up to diſhonour; ſhe entails an everlaſting diſgrace upon herſelf and all her family.—Her future days are miſerable.—She is dead to all the ſentiments of virtue,

virtue, from the moment ſhe has given a looſe to inclinations which are of the blackeſt hue, and ſuffered herſelf to be entangled in the path of foul diſhonour. The ſucceeding part of her life it is eaſier to gueſs than to deſcribe."

MNASYLUS.

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## SUICIDE.

Vain man! 'tis Heav'n's prerogative
To take what first it deign'd to give,
Thy tributary breath.
In awful expectation plac'd,
Await thy doom, nor impious haste,
To pluck from God's right hand his instruments
of death.

WARTON.

TO those unfortunate beings, whose minds are so depressed by affliction, as to imagine they can find no relief from their heavy burthen of care, but by putting an end to their wretched existence, this paper is particularly addressed. You, who dare to think on such desperate means of freeing yourselves from temporal miseries, reflect, one moment, on the danger and guilt of your design! To release yourselves from a few

short,

ſhort years of trouble, you are going to plunge into an eternity of wretchedneſs;—going to force yourſelves into the preſence of your Maker, with the unrepented crime of murder on your polluted heads; and whilſt you fly, like cowards, from the trifling and temporary evils of this life, you brave the indignation of an offended God, and forfeit all pretenſions to that bright reward promiſed to the pious and patient ſufferer. Raſh, unthinking mortals! dare not to take away that life you are commanded to preſerve.—Commit not a crime for which you can have no time for repentance; a crime which is not only an inſult to God, but a diſgrace to your nature and religion.

You may imagine your trials more ſevere than thoſe of your fellow-mortals: You may be deprived of friends, bereaved of wealth, your flattering hopes of ſucceeding in your deſigns may have been blaſted, or you may meet with unkindneſs, inſults, and neglect, from thoſe perſons from whom you have a right to

expect

expect tenderneſs, love, and duty; yet your caſe, however painful to ſupport, is not ſingular: Look into the world, and you will perceive a thouſand others even labouring under heavier diſtreſſes, poverty, diſeaſe, and confinement, added to their number. Perfect happineſs was never meant for us in our mortal ſtate: It was reſerved as a reward for the patient and unrepining in a purer region.—How often are the beſt and moſt virtuous characters expoſed to the ſevereſt trials!—"For thoſe whom the Lord loveth he chaſteneth."

This life, though extended to the longeſt period of human exiſtence, appears but ſhort to the hoary head, which can take a retroſpective view of fourſcore revolving years: To look back even on their long pilgrimage, though every year have teemed with ſome affliction, appears to them, at its cloſe, but like a dream, a viſion that is fled. Compared with eternity, it is indeed but as a ſingle grain of ſand upon the ſea ſhore.

Let

Let us even ſuppoſe, as you falſely imagine, that you are the moſt wretched of all the children of affliction. Would you, becauſe wretched here, give up all hopes of being happy hereafter? Would you forfeit all pretenſions to the mercies of that bleſſed Saviour, who died to ſecure the ſalvation of all the ſons and daughters of Adam? Would you raſhly dare to ruſh, unſummoned, into the preſence of your Maker, with that heavieſt of all crimes, ſelf-murder, to anſwer for? Rather than ſuffer the afflictions that are but for a moment, would you give up eternal felicity? Rather than endure a tranſitory diſquiet, would you ſacrifice a life which God and nature have ſtrictly enjoined you to preſerve? And, by ſo doing, become the deſtroyer of your immortal happineſs, and ſhut the everlaſting doors of mercy againſt yourſelves.

You, who are in trouble, addreſs yourſelves to your Maker; offer up your prayers and ſupplications to the God of mercy; pour out your

your ſorrows before him; humble yourſelves low before his footſtool; and depend upon his not diſregarding your petitions; reſt all your cares with him, and deſpair not of finding comfort and conſolation: Wait, with patience, for that appointed time, when your Maker ſhall ſee fit to ſummon you hence;—he will be your never-failing friend, your defence, and ready helper; reſtore ſerenity to your boſom, and reconcile you to the troubles of life: But remember of that life, *he* only has a right to diſpoſe, and that it is *your* indiſpenſible duty to ſubmit to his all-ſeeing wiſdom.

Few men would like to be thought cowards; yet what but cowardice in the extreme can we call it, in thoſe who raſhly put an end to their exiſtence? How much more exemplary, to follow the example of that bleſſed maſter, who died for our redemption, to meet the trials of life with fortitude, and the approach of death with patient reſignation, than to ſuffer our own hand to perform the

the ignominious office of an executioner, and to ſink into the grave with the ſtigma of ſelf-murderer annexed to our name.

Amidſt the ſevereſt and moſt complicated trials, how great, how worthy of example was the conduct of Marcus Attilius Regulus, a general in the Roman republic.—Rome was then at war with Carthage.—The Romans, under the command of Regulus, had gained many victories; and the Carthaginians, dejected by repeated defeats, hired mercenaries from Greece to aſſiſt their cauſe. With theſe there came Xantippus, who did not appear to have gained any reputation in the armies of his own country. His diſcourſes ſoon attracted the notice of the Carthaginians. He promiſed them diſcipline and victory; and, by a decree of the ſenate, he was appointed to the ſupreme command. He watched for a favourable moment, and at length conſidering it arrived, he determined to give battle to the Roman army.—With this view, he took the advantage of the

the ground, and made the neceſſary diſpoſitions. Regulus, inclined to ſecond the wiſh of Xantippus, drew up the Romans in array of battle. In this arrangement, he is ſaid to have committed a material error. Xantippus began the attack, and, in a ſhort time, the main body, where Regulus commanded, was broken through, and the Roman army put to flight. Regulus remained upon the field with five hundred men, where he was ſoon ſurrounded, and at length taken priſoner. It was the firſt time a Roman general had ever been taken alive in battle by the enemy. The victors marched to Carthage, and Regulus followed. Here he long endured the hardſhips of a rigorous captivity. They gave him but juſt food enough to prolong his miſeries; and to render life inſupportable, they expoſed him to the public ſcorn. Another engagement ſoon after took place, in which the Carthaginians loſt a conſiderable number of men. Among theſe were many illuſtrious citizens, whom the Romans made priſoners. The ill fortune

of

of the Carthaginians daily increaſed. A ſecond defeat happened; another, and another ſtill ſucceeded; and their beſt officers were in the hands of the Romans; and they ſent Regulus to Rome, to negotiate an exchange of priſoners, or to treat of peace. They truſted that the miſeries which he had endured in the dungeons of Carthage, would induce him to give his warmeſt ſupport to a meaſure that was to reſtore him to Rome and liberty. Before he departed, they gave him to underſtand, that if the propoſals, which they ordered him to make, ſhould not be accepted, a death of torture awaited him upon his return. When Regulus arrived in the ſuburbs of Rome, it was ſome time before he would enter the gates of the city.

"*It is contrary to the law,*" ſaid he, "*for a foreigner, as I am, to enter within the walls of the city. My misfortunes have made me a ſlave to the Carthaginians.*"

The

The ſenate at length aſſembled, and Regulus made the propoſals with which he was charged. The modeſty with which he ſpoke, expreſſed his ſenſe of the low ſtate to which he was fallen. When he had finiſhed, it was with difficulty he could be prevailed upon to remain in the ſenate; and only in obedience to the repeated orders of the Conſcript Fathers, that when it came to his turn, as a member of that auguſt aſſembly, he delivered his own opinion. He ſpoke againſt the propoſals which the Carthaginians had deputed him to make. The ſenate determined to reject them; and now the moment of trial was come for Regulus, and for his country. The *Pontifex Maximus* declared, that he might remain in Rome without incurring the guilt of perjury. His wife and children, with tears and lamentations, conjured him to ſtay; and the people joined in the prayer. It was eaſier for a whole people to be treacherous, than for Regulus to be falſe. He knew the puniſhment that awaited

ed him at Carthage; but ſtern and inflexible, he preferred his duty to his ſafety; and his countenance, which, upon his arrival, expreſſed a thouſand mixed emotions, was ſerene and ſettled at his departure. Upon his return to Carthage, he ſeemed to enter it in triumph. It was in vain that inventive cruelty prepared the torture. He ſmiled at her impotence; and the unhappy chief, who had courted virtue throughout life, in death was not inconſtant to her.

This trial of uncommon fortitude, in encountering the evils of life, is the more extraordinary; becauſe many of the braveſt Romans had fallen on their own ſwords, and the deſperate deed was conſidered in that unenlightened age as a proof of heroiſm.

Life is but a pilgrimage, a ſhort journey through a world that was meant only as a ſtate of probation, and which has many ſweets intermixed with the cares and ſorrows

experienced

experienced by the moſt unfortunate. If, therefore, you are anxious for, and deſirous of being enrolled amongſt the bleſſed, in the bright and unfading manſions of eternity, remember, it is not your own hand, but that of your Maker, which muſt ſign your paſſ-port to thoſe bleſſed regions.

FINIS.

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